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Woodwind
WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

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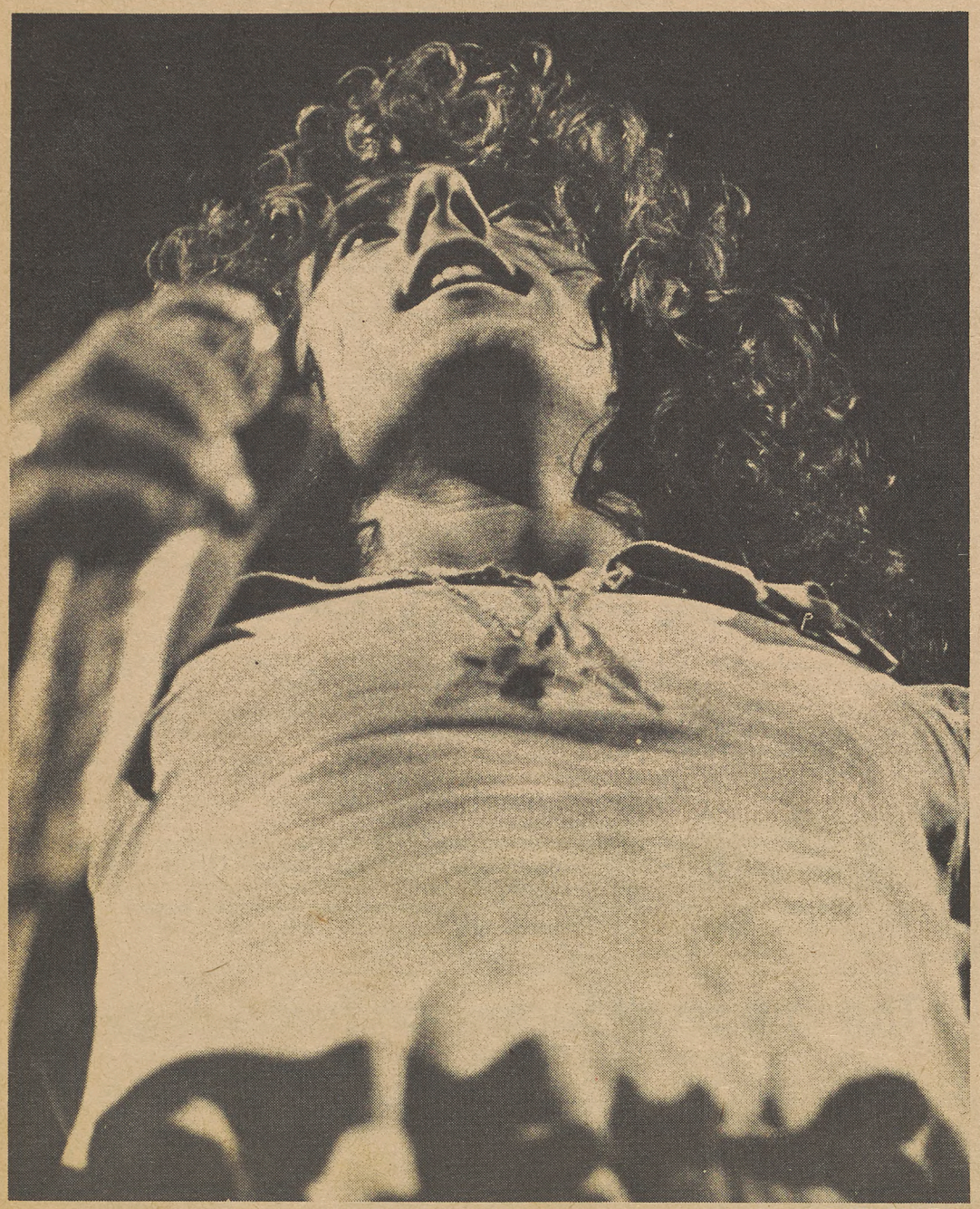

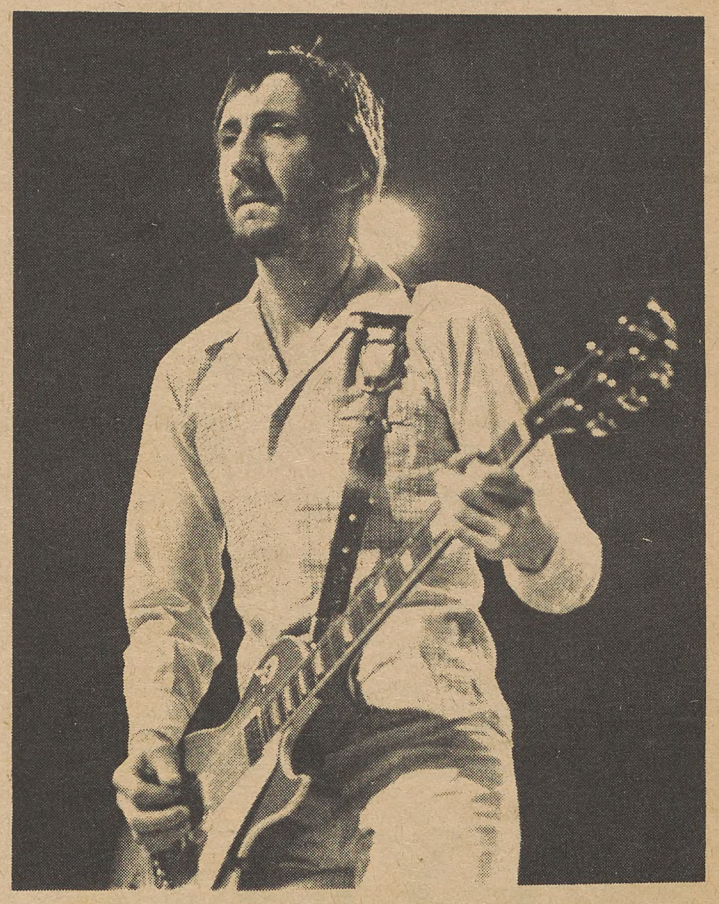

PHOTOS: Roger Kranz

THE WHO

Roger Kranz

The Capitol Centre is 30 feet below ground, 185 feet long, 400 feet in diameter. Built by a 49-year-old contractor named Abe Pollin, it's the largest rock arena in Washington and holds 17,500 screaming maniacs when The Who are in town.

The Who made the last stand of their cross-country tour last Thursday night, in front of a solidly sold out audience.

They began with songs like "I Can't Explain," "My Generation," and "My Wife," with John Entwistle singing lead. All the while, Keith Moon was banging away at his huge assortment of drums as Peter Townshend constantly ran all over, jumping, skipping, hopping and flying in the air — and never missing a note.

The Who rocked for over two hours, running through a repertoire of many of their old hits as well as a small portion of their latest extravaganza, *Quadrophenia*. The audience came expecting the best in rock from the best performers, and got what they came for.

Toward the end of the concert came the unveiling of *Quadrophenia*, The Who's new four-sided rock opera about a young bloke from London who travels through four cycles of his life, each part played by one of the four members of the group. They ran through several songs from the album; "I Am the Sea," "I'm One," "I've Had Enough," "Sea and Sand," "Bellboy," "Doctor Jimmy," and "Love, Reign O'er Me." Without doubt, the best production was of "Doctor Jimmy," which began with a tape recording of the ocean waves pounding on the surf followed by Roger Daltry swinging his microphone round and round his head pleading:

Is it me? For a moment
The stars are falling.
The heat is rising
The past is calling.

The audience reaction was stupendous, making almost as much noise as The Who with their quadrophonic P.A. system. The crowd — which The Who has acquired through the years because of their ability to write and perform music which reflected their generation — yelled for more and the band jumped back with "My Generation," which Daltry said was their answer to the people who said The Who would never return to America.

People try to put us down
Talkin' 'bout my generation
Just because we get around
Talkin' 'bout my generation
The things they do look awful cold
Talkin' 'bout my beration
I hope I die before I get old
Talkin' 'bout my generation. . .
I'm not trying to cause a big sensation
Talkin' 'bout my generation
Just talkin' 'bout my generation.

A significant facet of their generation, as well as practically all of the audience's, was *Tommy*, the first opera written, produced, and performed by a rock band. No other group has come close to what Peter Townshend accomplished in that masterpiece. The audience wanted it and The Who consented.

First came Daltry, swinging his mike around his head, singing one of the most popular songs from the opera, "Pinball Wizard." Then there was "See Me, Feel Me, Touch Me, Heal Me" and everyone was singing along with The Who.

Listening to the group sing the very last words of the album, it finally dawned on me what they say to the audience, what they're really about:

Listening to you, I get the music
Gazing at you, I get the heat
Following you I climb the mountain
I get excitement at your feet!
Right behind you, I see the millions
On you I see the glory
From you, I get opinions
From you, I get the story.

Like no other band from England — not the Stones, the Kinks, Beatles or Traffic — The Who live on as the poets of our generation. Their songs reflect us.

We may have to wait another few years for more from them — *Quadrophenia* took them two years to finish — but it'll surely be worth it.

And just think, we now have the Capital Centre in our own backyard to see them play in.

God bless Abe Pollin.

Woodwind

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1318 35th STREET, N.W. WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007
(202) 965-9650

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Ace Reporters
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Advertising
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CONTRIBUTORS
Peter Farnham, Cathy Hunter, Richard Jester, Roger Kranz, Marc Leepson W. Lomax-Karolyi, Bonnie Newlon, Beth Opicka, Hope Robbins, Perry Schwartz, Cotton Timberlake, Bernard Williams.

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Woodwind welcomes contributions of all sorts. We're particularly interested in feature articles and short fiction. Although we accept poetry, we have an enormous backlog. All articles are accepted on the basis of their own merits, not on the credits or reputation of the author. Materials submitted to **Woodwind** should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope, if you ever want them back.

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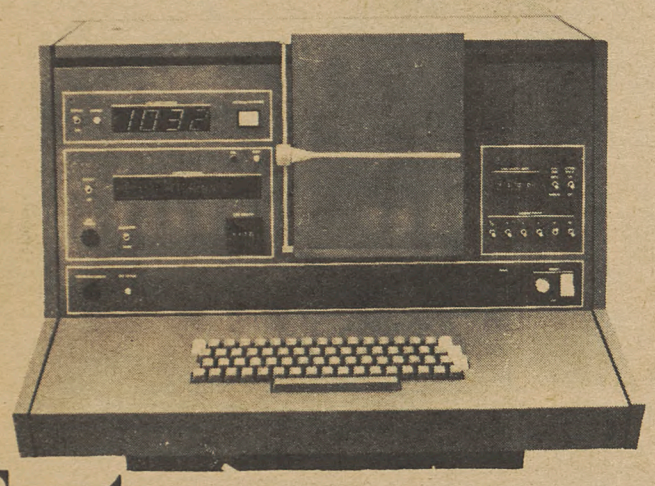

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IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD

Edited by Clover Holcomb

CHRISTMAS CAROL: The Georgetown Theatre Company announces a resident children's theatre at the Cerberus, opening with *A Christmas Carol*. Every Saturday at 10:00 am and 1:00 pm, through December 30th. Additional performances at 1:00 pm on December 27th, 28th, 31st and January 1st. 3040 M St., N.W., Washington. Call 337-0227.

HANDBELLS: The Potomac English Hand Bell Ringers will use over 100 bells in a free performance of folk songs, carols, and works by Scarlatti, Mozart, Brahms and Tschaikowsky. December 11th in the Grand Salon of the Renwick Gallery, Penn. Ave. & 17th St., N.W., Washington.

CRITICS'S CHOICE: The American Film Institute will be screening some of the favorite films of critics such as Jay Cocks (*Time*), *Kiss Me Deadly*, Tom Shales (*Washington Post*) *Deep End*, Rex Reed (*Chicago Tribune/ New York Daily News*) *Le Feu Follet*, Arthur Schlesinger (*Vogue*) *Movie Crazy*, Bruce Williamson (*Playboy*) *Adrift*, and Jon Landau (*Rolling Stone*) *It's a Wonderful Life*. December 17th through January 16th at the Kennedy Center.

RONSTADT: In concert December 16th, 7:30 pm in Gym #1 on the University of Maryland, Baltimore County campus, 5401 Wilkens Ave., one mile west of Baltimore Beltway Exit 12. Tickets $4.00. Call (301) 455-3100.

STILL AFOOT: The murdery-mystery-musical based on Agatha Cristie's *Ten Little Indians* will have an extended run through January 5th at the American Theatre, L'Enfant Plaza. Call 488-3303.

AMERICAN SAMPLER: "A Look at Life in the 1800's": an exhibit of over 270 items including lithographs, broadsides, tobacco labels, photographs, and sheet music covers will be on display in the ground-floor galleries of the Main Building of the Library of Congress daily, 8:30 am — 9:30 pm, until March 31, 1974.

STORY TELLING/JAM SESSION: Dayo Adeyemi of Nigeria and Crispin Chinongo of Malawi will lead children in story-telling (11:00 am) and jam sessions (2:30 pm). African words, songs, games, musical instruments, costumes, masks, and headdresses at the Museum of African Art, December 26th, 27th, 28th, and 31st. 316-318 A St., N.E., Washington. LI7-7424.

MIDNIGHT IN FLIGHT: A musical journey by Jonathan and Judy presented by the George Washington University Drama Department. December 13th-16th at 8:00 pm. $1.50 (students) $3.00 (general admission). Also midnight shows and breakfast December 14th and 15th, $3.00, $4.00 at the Marvin Center Theater, 21st & H Sts., N.W., Washington. Call: 676-6177.

NEW STRINGS: A concert demonstration of newly developed bowed, string instruments will be held in the Main Auditorium of the Museum of History and Technology on Friday, December 14th at 8:00 pm. The program will include a discussion of the acoustical development of eight new instruments of the violin family and the performance of seven musical selections on these new instruments. There will be no admission charge.

DEBORAH KERR: Will close the American tour of her London stage hit *The Day After the Fair* at the Eisenhower Theatre beginning Tuesday December 25th, and continuing through January 20th.

SPEAKER'S BUREAU: The second edition of FCC Speaker's Bureau brochure for 1973-74 is ready for distribution. The 24-page brochure lists 87 speakers with over 100 topics. Subjects range from Africa, New Math, Black Studies, Judo, American Intellectuals and Social Change, to Blues and Oral Tradition in Music. Requests for free copies of the brochure, or information about speakers should be addressed to Claudette Johnson, Director, Speakers Bureau, Office of Public Affairs, FCC, Room 605, 1420 New York Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. Or call (202) 727-2431.

SNOWED IN: If you are, you might try listening to WAMU-FM for a wide range of programs. Among them are "William Tells": Classical music for children presented in top-40 format (Sun., Dec. 16th, 9:30 am); "Speaking of Science Fiction": Damon Knight and Isaac Asimov discuss the history of s-f from its beginnings to the present. (Mon. Dec. 17th, 10:30 am); "The Sealed Beam": a special, pre-Christmas frolic from a Dec. 20, 1947 broadcast (Wed., Dec. 19th, 10:30 pm); "Jazz Anthology": Billie Holliday; "The Time Machine": Christmastime Oldies. (Sat., Dec. 22, 7:30 pm). All on WAMU-FM, 88.5 Mh.

SOME THOUGHTS FOR '74

IN THIS, our last issue of 1973, we at **Woodwind** would like to take this opportunity to consider a few thoughts and wish all of our readers the best of life for this holiday season.

It seems especially important in this troubled year of 1973, to pause and reflect, to put recent months in perspective, lest we rush headlong into the New Year carrying with us only the expectation of worse days yet to come, rather than hopes for a better future.

Perhaps at times it might **seem** that as bad as things are, they are doomed to get worse. But such judgements underestimate the resiliency of the American people; such judgements emphasize the cynicism in our hearts rather than the love.

Undoubtedly, we'll have difficulties ahead: we haven't seen the last of the pain and dissension wrought by the likes of Vietnam and Watergate, and there's every reason to expect that we'll encounter severe economic hardships. But none of this will be cataclysmic enough to destroy our ways of life. As individuals and as a society, we'll play out our roles in evolution, finding means to preserve what is important and discard what is not. Looking ahead to 1974, we can anticipate times of promise, of potential.

The next issue of **Woodwind** will be published on January 15, 1974.

The Impact of Society on Technology

John F. Burgess

The Committee for the Future (CFF) is a D.C.-based organization that is dedicated to the concept that it is necessary to survive. Any survival pattern must be a global pattern, for because of technology man is now completely interdependent. The CFF, founded in 1970 by Barbara Marx Hubbard and John Whiteside, is dedicated to the general philosophical principals of Marshal McLuhan, Theilhard de Chardin, and R. Buckminster Fuller. The CFF held their sixth SYN-(ergistic) CON-(vergence) in Huntsville, Alabama, from November 29th to December 2nd, to further explore the possibilities and processes of survival into the future.

The SYNCON — based on the theory that a whole is greater than the sum of its parts, as its name implies — was brought to Huntsville to take advantage of the concentration of high technology there. Not only is Huntsville the home of the Marshall Space Flight Center (NASA) and the University of Alabama-Huntsville, but it houses many attendant industries — such as North American Rockwell, Northrup, and Hewlett-Packard — as well.

Scientists, engineers, students, laymen, poets and artists from across the country gathered to explore "The Impact of Technology on Society." Before the opening sessions ended, however, the theme had been changed to "Impact of Society on Technology."

The scientists attending expressed great dismay and frustration at the fact that they had developed hardware which could be used to solve many of the problems that confronted man, but had no way of implementing. The hardware is there: the software with which to implement it is not.

The software, in this case, is society. Technology — which is only concerned with finding ways of performing physical tasks — is suffering the backlash of future shock. Society no longer carries on its love affair with technology. In fact, there is a situation that looks like the spiteful behavior of a lover betrayed. Future shock doesn't only affect past generations. Even young people react emotionally and irrationally to the mere existence of technology:

- How many people are aware that burning coal frequently produces more radioactive waste, in the form of fallout, than any six nuclear power plants now in operation? How many would care?
- How many know that it is now physically and economically possible to heat any single-family home by solar energy, for less than $2,500 per unit?
- How many know that it seems possible to predict general weather patterns — more important than just being able to decide if tomorrow will be a good day for the beach — sometimes up to 180 years in advance. As a spinoff of the space program?
- How many know that it is possible to tie communities, or countries, into a cable/sattelite TV system that provides inexpensive access to information dealing with everything from current prices as a supermarket, to when to plant rice in certain sections of China, to how to care for a broken arm until a doctor can arrive, to simple survival during natural disasters?

These were some of the ideas discussed during the 3½ day SYNCON.

No one at the conference denied that technology had been mis-applied and frequently continues to be mis-applied. The responsibility for that misapplication led to many arguments, however. Who, indeed, *is* responsible? The scientists and the CFF generally hold that the future is up to us. We're the ones who have to decide what is going to be done by who. If we don't take up this responsibility — and necessarily in a rational manner — we'll only suffer the consequences.

As an experiment in community participation in concensus formation, the SYNCON was broadcast, live and on tape, over the TelePrompter cable network throughout Huntsville. Not only did people in the city — housepeople, farmers, gas station attendents — make use of a unique TV-telephone tie-in, but they did it to such extent that the program pulled people away from major network programming.

This SYNCON didn't solve any problems; it wasn't indended to. What it *did* do, though, was to point out what kinds of problems exist and how solutions might be found. It ended as it was meant to, with the participants feeling properly excited and frustrated. And looking forward to the next SYNCON, in Washington state, where the topic will be "The Energy Crisis."

[*For more information about the SYNCON process, and the Committee for the Future, call or write the CFF at [202] 966-8776, or 2325 Porter St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20008.*]

WHOEVER SHE IS. . .

Bonnie Newlon is a graduate student of Demographics at Georgetown University and a housewife in Arlington, Virginia. She became aware of the "Women's Movement" recently and was confronted with a great many names, groups, and "fronts," but experienced great difficulty in getting specific, accurate information about any of them. Whoever She Is. . . is her response to that difficulty.

In this continuing series of articles, she explores various sources of information and assistance, and tries to present her views on them, as well as giving other women in the area a reliable guide to them. If there are any groups, associations, individuals, etc., which you feel would be of interest to our readers, please drop us a line, addressed to Ms. Newlon, and she'll try to cover them in future articles.

Bonnie Newlon

Caroline Bird originally wrote *Born Female* in 1968. Revised in 1971, it's now in its third printing and is described as the source book for the Women's Liberation Movement.

As Ms. Bird explains it, she wasn't always a feminist. In 1966, the *Saturday Evening Post* asked her to do an article about the hurdles which women must overcome in the labor market. "I started out very objective and reporter-like. Halfway through my hundred interviews it dawned on me that I, too, had been relegated to subprofessional work and discouraged from aspiring beyond it."

The *Post* turned down her completed article, giving her as a reason not the message, but "the way it was written." Half of her accepted this judgement of incompetence, she said, but the other half was furious enough to turn the cornucopia of research into a book. The result is a pocket guide to the women's movement in America, including its historical, social, economic and legal aspects. For $1.25 and a few hours of reading time, you put the book down feeling you've added an educated perspective on the movement to your repertoire of feelings about women's liberation as Ms. Bird's style easily unites the multitude of ideas, facts, and figures into a readable whole.

World feminism, she writes, dates from 1792, when Mary Wollstonecraft wrote *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, attacking the notion that women existed only to please men. Abigail Adams is said to have warned her husband, John, at the time of the writing of the Constitution that "All men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation."

Female suffrage in America began inauspiciously in 1838, when widows rearing children in Kentucky were allowed to vote in school elections. In 1869, women began voting on an equal basis with men in the Territory of Wyoming; a few frontier states followed suit. The organized Suffragette movement had its beginning in 1848 at Seneca Falls, New York, when the plump daughter of a judge, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, persuaded a churchful of people to endorse her "Declaration of Principles" calling for equal rights for women, modeled on the Declaration of Independence.

The War Between the States aroused a renewed interest in civil rights; a good number of abolitionists — in the South as well as the North — were also feminists. During the war, many women had undertaken "men's" jobs; women also began entering the professions, particularly teaching. The industrial revolution which followed the war opened many new jobs, including those of telephone operator and typist. Women worked side by side with men in the factories and foundries, although at half the pay.

During World War I, more than a fifth of all American women over 10 years of age were working, and the Census of 1910 counted women in practically every occupation. The Suffrage movement continued to gain support under the leadership of Carrie Chapman Catt, who developed a state-by-state "winning plan" to secure the vote for women. After the war, in 1919, a militant group of women, the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage, picketed the White House with signs protesting that "Democracy Should Begin at Home." They were jailed, but their point had been made and the Women's Suffrage Amendment was law by 1920.

The end of the war and the vote ushered in a new age of achievement for women. They founded banks and businesses; flocked to colleges, women's professional and business schools — and entered politics. Their clothes became less restrictive. The idea of sex-for-pleasure, free of marriage, initiated a change in communication between the sexes.

The Depression of the '30's kept many single women working. Married couples adopted birth control to limit their family size and delay the arrival of new dependents. Several career women became prominent during the New Deal.

During World War II, women became crane operators, riveters, tractor operators and truck drivers. They were welcomed in the law and medical schools, in the professions, and the armed forces. Many began wearing pants in public. At the war's end, almost two out of three women war workers wanted permanent jobs.

With the 'return to normalcy' of the '50's, though, many women returned to homelife to participate in the "BABY BOOM." The norm of the small family (2-3 children) prevailed, but practically every couple physically able produced offspring. As a result, women dropped out of college and the professions while some of the more typical "women's" fields, such as nursing and teaching, were invaded by men. Women were encouraged by the media to be happy homemakers; school counselors discouraged girls from competing with men in the labor market.

When President Kennedy was elected in 1960, he found no organization representing American women to work for his New Frontier. Esther Peterson, then director of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, proposed that the President set up a Commission on the Status of Women, to explore the opinion of contemporary women on laws and practices affecting them. Eleanor Roosevelt accepted the chairwomanship. Through her efforts, the Attorney General, Robert Kennedy, assured women an equal opportunity in federal employment by ruling that the President had the power to direct Civil Service officers to consider women on an equal basis with men in requesting candidates for promotion. On July 2, 1964, the Civil Rights Act of 1964 — Title VII, sex amendment and all — became law. (Approximately 10 years later the Equal Rights Amdendment to the Constitution is winding its way through the state legislatures.)

Due to rising expectations, the high cost of living, and perhaps boredom with the "feminine mystique" (narrowly defined, subservient, proscribed roles of wife and mother), many married women — even those with children under six — began joining their single sisters in full- and part-time employment. The duality of opportunity with which they were met in the labor market became a prime motive in the rebirth of the Women's Movement.

Women found that many employers see nothing wrong in a dual pay scale — whatever distinctions of pay are drawn, women draw the lower-rated job. In 1968, women sales workers earned 40% of the pay of men sales workers; women managers, officials, and proprietors, 55%; and factory operatives, 60%. Men and women often do exactly the same thing in all but name and pay. Increasing increments of education usually command increasing increments of salary — but not so for women. In 1968, women high school graduates earned less than men who hadn't completed the eights grade, women college graduates earned less than male high school drop-outs, and the median income of year-round, full-time male college graduates was $12,224, almost twice the $7,220 income of female college graduates working year-round, full-time. "Women's" jobs, like nursing and teaching, pay less than other occupations requiring comparable education. Some employers complain that women workers are not as steady as men, but continuing U.S. Public Health Service studies of time lost from work because of illness or injury show that age, occupation, and salary make more difference than sex. The Bureau of Labor Statistics concluded that absenteeism and turnover rates depend much more on the nature of the job than on the sex of the job-holder. A vice president of American Oil was quoted as saying:

So some women do take time out from the jobs to have children. Some men leave one company to go to another or to start a business of their own; some men crack up on a job and must be replaced; some men become seriously ill or die before they reach the normal age of retirement. Some become alcoholic. But management doesn't refuse to hire or promote men just because these things happen.

Society seems to have set up boundaries relegating certain jobs to men and others to women. Women are least accepted in jobs involving machinery, negotiations, travel, risk, profit, substantial sums of money — and most importantly, status. The bigger the job, the less likely it is to be filled by a woman. Women have been told to work for the better good of their families — the ones they have or are expected to have — not for self-expression, and certainly not for the sheer thrill of competition and recognition.

The door has been opened now, though, and there's no turning back or looking the other way. Many young women (and men) today have grown up in households where both the mother and the father worked. The new generation of women is committed to women's rights. Most of them would rally in agreement with a refreshingly human view of life:

LOVE is the most important human relationship and is available to any two or more individuals of any sex who care deeply for each other and are committed to contributing to each other's personal growth. Love may or may not include sexual relationships and should not be confused with ROMANTIC LOVE, a putup job not utilized to trap women into giving up their own identities.

HOME AND FAMILY must be an egalitarian institution to which all contribute equally. It can comprise any combination of adults and children, whether related by blood or sexual ties, who find it rewarding to live together. New forms of home and family must be developed by personal experimentation.

CHILDREN must be a full, optional responsibility for both men and women. Women must have the right to terminate any pregnancy for any reason, and no loss of prestige should attach to any person who chooses not to reproduce.

The rearing of children shall be the equal responsibility of mother and father and shall not be considered a full-time job for anyone, or the source of any woman's identity.

DIVORCE must be available to either partner without fault.

ALIMONY degrades a wife by assuming that she has been supported in return for sexual favors and is entitled to severance pay when she is jilted.

JOBS must be available to both sexes on the basis of individually determined capacity, without presumtion that the required capacity is more likely to occur in a member of one sex or the other.

CONSUMER GOODS shall not be promoted as contributors to masculinity or femininity or by exploiting the sexual attraction of women employees or images.

MEDIA shall not brainwash women and girls into accepting a limited, domestic role.

SCHOOLS ditto.

SEX DIFFERENCES in ability and response which can be proved by objective testing must be ascribed to the way boys and girls are brought up until they can be specifically attributed to anatomical differences.

SEX ROLES based on a division of labor between men and women are not inevitable in the world of the future just because they have been universal in the past.

PSYCHOANALYSIS has crippled women by attempting to "adjust" them to a feminine role unacceptable to free human beings.

PENIS ENVY falsely projects on women the high valuation males put on their genitals. Clitoris envy is more logical, because women are capable of longer and deeper orgasm than men can sustain.

FREUD made the mistake of assuming that Victorian marriage and family arrangements that subordinated women to men were inevitable and desirable.

MARX saw that the bourgeois family enslaved women by making them the private property of their men.

The Women's Liberation Movement is organized; at the Second Congress to Unite Women held in New York in May 1970, over 600 women attended representing a plethora of groups, like The Feminists, the Media Women, OWL (Older Women's Liberation), SALT (Sisters All Learning Together), and WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell). The rich and the poor are gathering their forces — all the way from Abby Rockefeller (daughter of David, President of the Chase Manhattan Bank), to Florence Kennedy, a participant in the recent Eastern Regional Conference on Black Feminism, who was quoted as saying,

We've got domestic workers, students, college administrators and lawyers. We've got straights and lesbians. We're five years smarter because of the Civil Rights movement. And it's going to be all right. And if they tell us we're not ready, we're going to say ready or not. . . here we come.

Ms. Bird believes Women's Liberation is spreading because American society is in a state of revolution; the Establishment is crumbling with its defensive loss of credibility in all constituted authority — political, educational, intellectual, religious, and military. And people are reaching out for a lifeway that better reflects their condition and aspirations. She asks, "Where will women come out?," and believes the inevitable answer comes back, "No better than the society as a whole comes out."

Kathy Hunter

POINTER SISTERS:

A SCAT SYMPHONY

Russell A. Chalker

The recent Pointer Sisters show suffered from a series of setbacks that would have emptied the already half-empty Baltimore Lyric had the the audience allowed the numerous distractions to over-shadow the brilliantly unique offerings of the gospel-trained, R & B-influenced, and jazz-inspired blood sisters Ruth, Anita, Bonnie, and June. For reasons never disclosed, Martin Mull and his Fabulous Furniture — the Pointer Sisters' touring special attraction — was cancelled. This may please his recent hecklers at the Kennedy Center show, but was a disappointing blow to those of us in Baltimore eagerly awaiting a chance to experience his rare blend of counter-culture satire and homey, ironic wit on one of his even rarer visitations.

Mull's only previous exposure was his unadvertised appearance with Liza Minnelli, where he was sacrificed, not to any overt antagonism, but to the politely rude exercise of cold, stony silence. These receptions may have prompted his cancellation of the tour, for as he was quoted in *The Washington Post*, "I felt like Golda Meir giving a tour of the pyramids." However his failure to show at the Lyric may have been a blessing, sparing both himself and his fans from yet another unappreciative audience until he can command a following for his own eccentric brand of wacky-tacky humor.

Martin Mull's "replacement" met with a luckier fate. The audience was more kind than than called for to the local college combo that provided an ambitious program of pretentious "jazz." Applause stopped coming after their third number, which succeeded in causing laughter at its title: "Motown Boogie or Search for the Perfect Strength." They ended their set with "Indecision" just as the audience was becoming decisive. Wasting more time in a flagrant display of mutual self-promotion, the Tweedle Twins from radio station WSID proceeded to hype themselves and a costume contest that was as exciting as the mouldie-oldie-soulie promo records they awarded to all eight couples that bothered to make it to the stage area. The small audience was neither exhibitionistic nor interested in partying — they came to listen. Even the whistles were left at home.

The Pointer Sisters stage act, with their flair for '40's finery and a flash of funk, was mercilessly marred by lighting that left the stage in virtual darkness. Although the lack of stage lighting minimized their stage spectacle, it helped emphasize their aural splendor. Assisting in setting the proper pace, a trio led by Norman Lansberg on piano, with Gaylord Burch on drums and John Newman on bass, provided a tightly knit, spirited jazz backdrop for the Sisters' matching-jewel vocals.

Slinking on stage, one by one, each sister made a grand entrance, hung her wrap (fox fur, shawl. . .) on a hat rack and together soared into their opening number from their first album. "Cloudburst" instantly broke into a vocal downpour covering everyone with its scatting shower of refreshing phrasing and harmonizing. Jon Hendricks, one of the authors of "Cloudburst" (along with Lambert and Ross), after seeing them perform his music, wrote,

> *They are the closest vocal group to jazz since the rock era began, and the nearest thing to L.H.R. I've seen outside my house. . . they sing my lyrics so good I want to punch them in the mouth.*

Hendricks was so enraptured with their technically agile style that he has written some special material especially for them. Although they didn't perform any of this new material, they did preview another Lambert, Hendricks and Ross tune entitled "Little Pony," with exquisite skill, insuring its hit status when their second album is released.

Though the Pointers lean heavily on complex, catchy covers of vocal and instrumental jazz, and there is still a wealth of music just waiting to be revitalized, they aren't easily confined to nostalgia or jazz. The gracefully — but not always successfully — slip from a tongue-in-cheek country ditty, an *a capella* Sunday school "Climb Up Sunshine Mountain" (complete with finger-fluttering), to some fast-assed funk on their hit "Yes I Can, Can" and "Wang Dang Doodle" which ended the show in a blaze of golden brown boogie). Added to their interpretive genius, they also possess considerable compositional talent. "Jada," probably their most memory-haunting song, with its intricate, four-part harmonies, demonstrates that they won't have to rely on other people's music unless they want to. While on record "Jada" is an evocative tune, both jivey and juicy, live they embue it with an extended vocal jam session that swirls into a stunning scat symphony that has become their forte.

Despite the fact that their funky-'40's image has helped them gain national acclaim and sales, the illusion isn't sustained. The Sisters may be versatile vocalists, but they aren't dancers or actresses. The whole *schtick* with costumes, make-up and jive serves for flash, but the effect soon wears off, burdening and limiting them. Hopefully, they won't settle for the glitter goldmine route and have their whole show restaged with penned patter and elaborate production numbers completely choreographed and costumed. It is this kind of extravaganza that pans out in a short time, fading, like most fads, once the novelty has worn off and the spontaneity gives way to the formula of ritualization. Once they discard their burlesque public image and concentrate on defining and developing an image dependent on their vocal merits — and not on fads and fashions — they will transcend to a new, eclectic musical style that up to now they have only pointed towards. If anyone can succeed, they can, can.

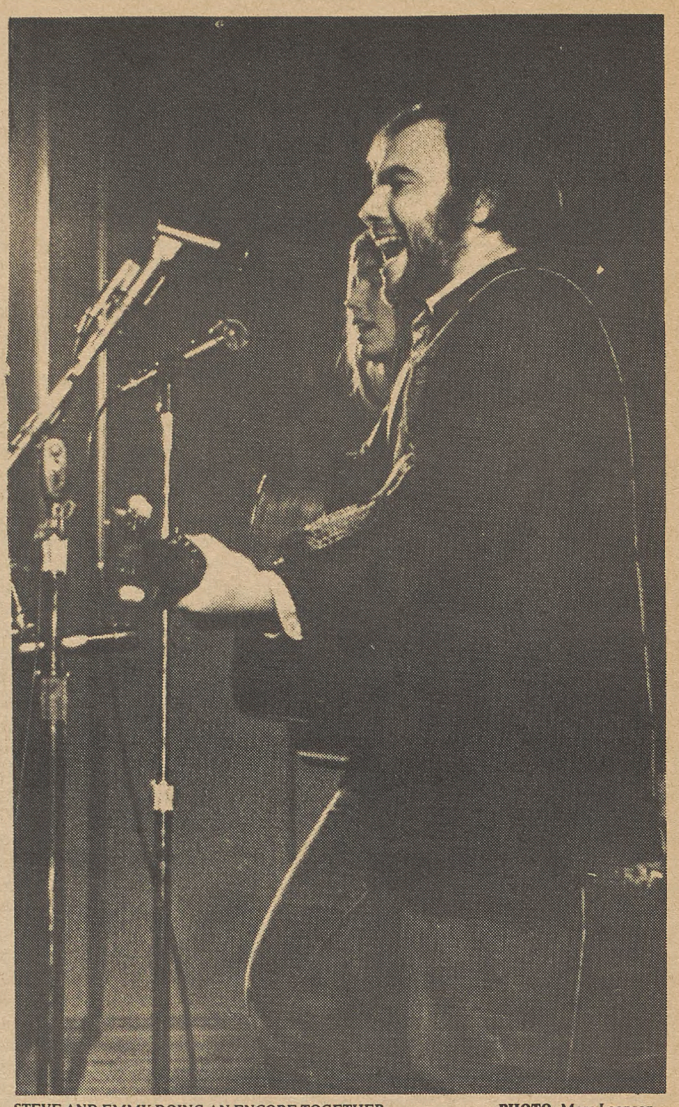
STEVE GOODMAN

W. Lomax-Karolyi

Who sings songs by George Gershwin, Hoagy Carmichael, Marty Robbins and Steve Goodman; cracks jokes continually; spins off dazzling runs on the guitar and sings with a pleasing, folky tenor that never misses a note? Why, it's none other than Steve Goodman, the cherubic singer/guitarist/songwriter from Chicago. Steve showed off his unique musical and humorous gifts on November 30, during two shows at the tiny auditorium in McMahon Hall at Catholic University.

Goodman entertained a small gathering with his favorite songs, including two of his own riotous numbers, "Chicken Cordon Blues" (the anti-organic foods lament), and "Turnpike Tom" (the outlaw ballad which was originally going to be called "Entrance Ramp Ernie"), as well as his oft-recorded "City of New Orleans." A surprising treat were his good natured and well played renditions of American songs of decades ago, "Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy," "It Ain't Necessarily So," and "Lady Be Good."

A most unexpected delight of the evening turned out to be Emmy Lou Harris' new band, Angel Band, which opened both shows. The group has been playing together for about a month, and is a well-knit, tightly together, rocking country band featuring Emmy Lou's beautiful, plaintive singing. Tom Guidera, bass; Mark Cuff, drums; Bruce Archer, electric guitar; and Danny Pendelton, pedal steel, round out the new band, and the musicianship displayed proved that this country-flavored outfit has established itself as one of Washington's top bands. (They appear every Wednesday night at Bethesda's bluegrass bar, The Red Fox Inn.) Angel Band puts out rocking, electric country music, featuring sorrowful cowboy ballads ("Queen of the Silver Dollar," for one, was beautifully done), as well as bouncy, joyful, country-style rockers, with Emmy Lou out front and shining on vocals.



STEVE AND EMMY DOING AN ENCORE TOGETHER. **PHOTO:** Marc Leepson

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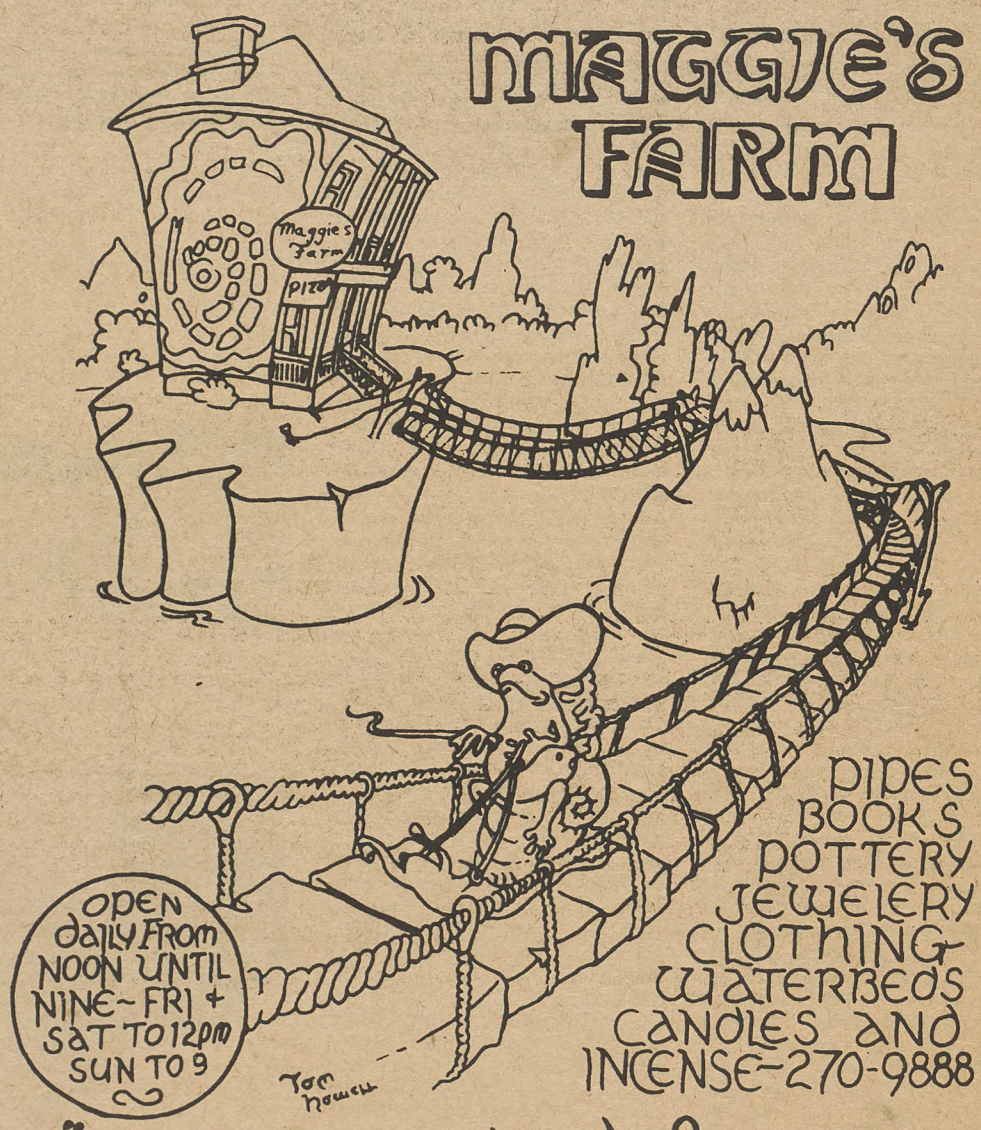

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performance

THE RAPE OF REASON
Cerberus Theatre

David Tannous

Voltaire's *Candide*, the 200-year old satirical fable on the follies of innocence and the persistence of corruption, demonstrated its perennial freshness last Friday night in the form of this theatrical adaptation presented by the Georgetown Theatre Company.

The play, written by Company member Nelson S. Christianson, and adapted to include a number of pointedly topical references, is the second production of the G.T.C., which earlier this season presented a highly successful run of the science-fiction trilogy *Warp*.

Cast in the form of a review, with a musical accompaniment and a number of songs used to highten effects or to advance the action, the play traces the familiar story of the travails of Candide, who moves through an incredible set of misadventures on several continents before he is able to replace his original, foolish optimism with a more realistic view of the way things are.

The 11 cast members romp through the production with admirable zest, using a minimum of scenery and costumes and a maximum inventiveness to tell the story. The direction, by Philip J. Baloun, is fluid and effective, with the characters moving quickly on and off stage and, on occasion, through the auditorium, to suggest in turn such things as a monkey-filled Brazilian rain forest or an earthquake-shattered Los Angeles.

Many of the players appear in three or four roles during the evening, taking off or putting on capes or hats, or sometimes merely changing expressions and voices, to indicate different personalities.

The pace tends to drag a bit in the second half, due more perhaps to an overlong script than to any lack of ability in the cast. But even in the flatter stretches there are a number of inspired bits of business to revive interest. And to balance the occasional arid spots, there are several marvelous scenes that stop the show.

Chief among these is the story of how the Old Woman tangled with the derelict thresher and lost one-half of an intimate portion of her anatomy. As played by Geralyn Lutty in a hilarious, croak-voiced dead-pan, the nostalgic harridan loonily recalls the good old days, when the government paid her farming family hard cash not to do any farming.

The Company plays so well as an ensemble that it's difficult to pick out certain performances as better than the rest. In the central role of Candide, Nelson S. Christianson acquits himself with distinction, managing the difficult transition from flutter-eyed innocence to disillusioned self-confidence. Pinkney Mikell, as the Narrator and Cacambo, also stands out, as he forms his body and voice into an ironic commentary on the surrounding idiotic goings-on.

Mention also must be made of Steve Hazen's goofy-faced country Sheep, who moves uncomplainingly through the terrors of the city, produces the coin of the realm on demand, and falls sadly into the sea, uttering a plaintively anthropomorphic bleat.

The music, written and arranged by Richard Dysinger, is extremely good. Sustaining a dominant mood of episodic wandering, the gentle tunes can change quickly into a razz-ma-tazz celebration of the unexamined life in "this best of all possible worlds" or move into a lyrical evocation of a long sea voyage.

The setting for *Rape of Reason*, one of the three auditoriums in the Cerberus Theatre that has been modified by the addition of a small stage, is ideal. The new playhouse, seating just under 200, provides for an intimate view of the proceedings by everyone in the audience. Still used as a film theatre during most of the week, the auditorium houses the play every Friday and Saturday at midnight. *The Rape of Reason* is scheduled to run at least through December 31, and, depending on the response, will continue into January.

Although not yet a perfect production, this is an inventive and engaging attraction, making use of a talented cast that should, with the proper community support, continue to entertain us with this play and with others for some time to come.

The Cerberus Theatre is at 3040 M St. N.W. For information concerning tickets, please call 337-0227.]

THE CAPTAIN OF KOPENICK
Hartke Theatre

Hope Robbins

The way to the Hartke Theatre of Catholic University is a long and picturesque one: winding through miles of Washington's own Catfish Rows to where, finally, the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception rises mild and ludicrous over Michigan Avenue; there a short search rewards you with Harwood Street, upon which stands the Hartke. And there you are in what is perhaps the only theatre in D.C. where boredom and brutality are not hailed as immortal relevance; and where, on the other hand, sticky sweeties like *Desert Song* and *The Student Prince* don't offer us their sleazy refuge from this cruel world. In fact, intelligence is the rule here: imagination, liveliness: you come out three hours later charmed and delighted.

Currently showing is *The Captain of Kopenick*, a slightly dated play by Carl Zuckmayer which has as its theme those perennial favorites, militarism and over-zealous bureaucracy. It takes its whack at these sins in a series of short, entertaining scenes —

Continued on Page 10

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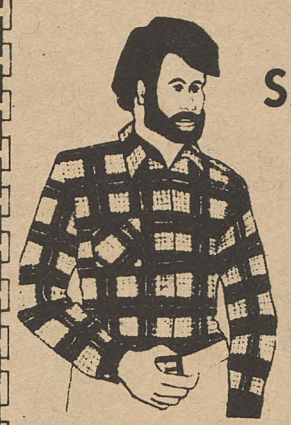

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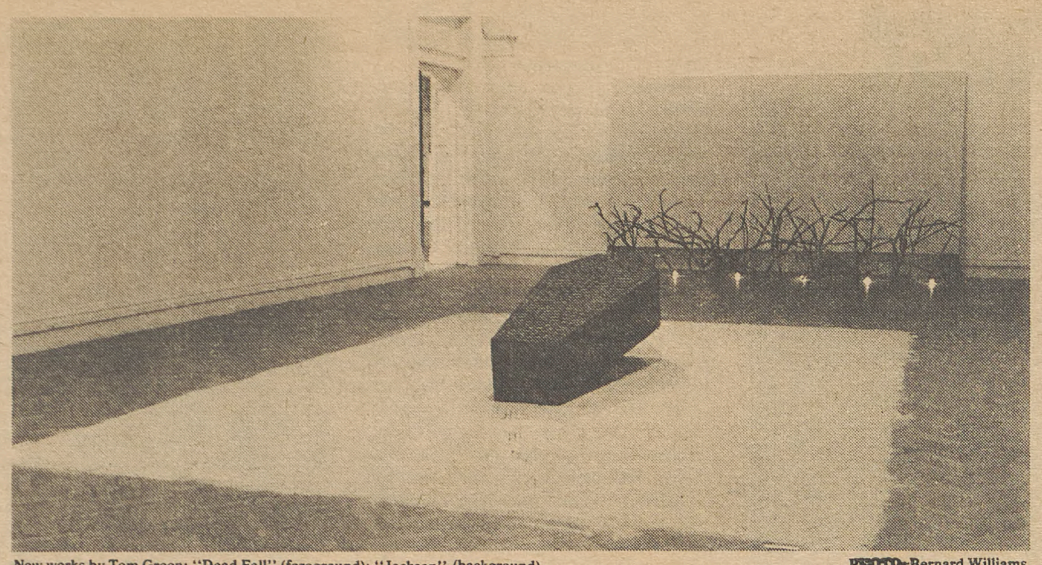
art

TOM GREEN: WORDS & IMAGES



New works by Tom Green: "Dead Fall" (foreground); "Jackson" (background). PHOTO: Bernard Williams

David Tannous

"Strong" has become an overworked word of approval in the art critic's dictionary, but it's the right term to use when discussing the recent show of Tom Green's new work at the Corcoran Gallery of Art.

The six pieces presented don't fit into any ready category: only one of them conceivably could be called a painting, and the other five, although dealing with three-dimensional objects, move beyond conventional ideas of sculpture to stop somewhere just short of being full-blown environments. They are arrangements of things, both large and small; assemblages of artifacts — some made by man and some by nature — into enigmatic tableaux that jut out from the walls into the room and practically demand a reaction from the viewer.

Writing in a daybook about his art, Green says, "These are for me places; situations where I sense that *something* has happened or could happen."

Indeed these works do convey a feeling of expectation: things will happen here; perhaps things are in the process of happening. There is a curious sense of time suspended, of interrupted action that just for the moment appears to be still. With this, there are indications of the causes and effects of activities about these pieces, like the blur in a photograph that shows the successive positions of a moving hand.

"Dead Fall," the central and most startling piece in the show, illustrates the complex associations and many levels of meaning that Green employs. On a large rectangular layer of white sand spread over the floor, a coffin-shaped structure is placed, tarred black to look as heavy as a creosote-soaked log, lifted up at one end by the cross-bar of a thin metal T-rod, which rests in turn on a triangular rock lying on the sand.

The T-rod, functioning as a trigger in this approximation of an animal trap, provides the only color in the composition: the bright bands of paint ringing the rod draw the eye to the bait extended on the horizontal stem of the T — a steel-gray glass eye.

The piece works so well and so immediately, that after the first pleased recognition of its success, the viewer must take some time to sort out the number of ways that it succeeds.

On a purely formal level, the composition and color arrangement are superb. The mottled black, modified-box-shape of the casket is a perfect counterpoise to the simple flat expanse of the white sand, and together the casket and the sand — a combination of black and white, of heavy three-dimensionality and insubstantial two-dimensionality — are in turn perfectly balanced, both physically and visually, by the vibrantly-colored trigger rod. The rod itself seems to have no dimension, no weight — it functions as a blip of color barely visible beneath the dark bulk of the coffin, a pulse of energy that separates the structure from the sand.

As a complex set of associations, the piece works equally well. The title "Dead Fall" gives verbal explicitness to a number of visual implications that the piece projects.

The baited box, ready in its intended descent to trap whatever unwary thing that ventures across the aridity of the sand, attracted by the hint of color underneath the black, is a coffin, itself a symbol of entrapment and death. And after looking at the piece for a while, we realize that the death implied here is violent and sudden: no ordinary trap, this box is closed underneath. The animal caught in this contrivance won't find itself imprisoned unharmed. Instead, the flat underside of the coffin will crush it on the triangular stone under the rod. A deadfall indeed.

There is yet another way to see this extraordinary piece — as a diagrammatic model of a flow of kinetic energy. The box, lowering and black, almost meeting its shadows on the sand, seems caught momentarily by **stop-motion photography as it slams down from an upright position, so** obvious is the extrapolated conclusion of its fall. The trigger rod is like a penciled-in arrow, indicating direction and degree of force on a chart. And carefully drawn in the sand below are several concentric outlines tracing the perimeter of the descending box, like forerunners of the ripples of force that will spread out through the sand once the object completes its fall.

This kind of extended analysis can be carried out for almost all of the other pieces in the show, because Green has constructed a peculiarly rich art, one able to exert an influence in many different ways, to assert a diversified appeal.

One doesn't need to know the title of the large work dominating one end of the room to recognize its power. The thicket of sharp-pointed, fire-blackened tree branches, resting just in front of a large, bare stretched canvas propped up on four peach baskets, conveys a sense of menace hardly mitigated by the set of six small, blue lights nestled between the branch stems on the floor.

The formal values alone are enough to carry the piece. These occur here most obviously in the contrast between the sharp, thin, black branches, pointed restlessly every which way through space, and the flat, expansive white canvas, existing for all practical purposes only as height and width.

Yet as soon as one sees the title, "Jackson," and realizes that it applies to Jackson Pollock, one can see something different in the work. The faint shadows of the branches, cast up on the lower half of the canvas by the small blue lights, do call to mind the "random" all-over compositions of line and color that Pollock used to cover the surfaces of *his* canvases.

Then, if one talks a bit about the work with the artist, and learns that it was constructed as a salute to, and in empathy with, certain modern painters who find that the most crucial decisions and activities in their art often occur off the canvas, one can see the piece in still another way. All the activity indeed is pulled off the canvas and translated to three dimensions in front of it on the floor.

Those sharp, pointed sticks: will they in time be set upon the canvas in a two-dimensional trompe l'oeil of paint and perspective? Or will they make their mark more directly on the cloth, moving close enough to tear a set of jagged holes in all that vulnerable white expanse?

The thing that Green accomplishes here is to offer the viewer an association with the work on many levels. The number and complexity of the levels depend in part on the separate context that each viewer brings to the work, but the work itself is strong enough, and contains enough variety, to challenge anyone. The ways of understanding the work are independent of each other: it isn't necessary to catch all the allusions in order to appreciate what is being done. But when the viewer is open to several of them, they operate almost simultaneously, producing a heightened impact that only after reflection can be separated into its component parts.

Green's achievement is all the more remarkable because he has worked with a kind of art that leaves him unprotected in case of error.

With this sort of assemblage, as with much minimal and conceptual art, the idea is almost everything, and the technique becomes much less essential. It isn't important that the pieces in this exhibit were made by Green's own hand: almost any competent craftsman, following the artist's explicit instructions, could have assembled these situations. What counts is the concept. If Green had been unable to imagine a combination of shapes, colors and textures sufficiently interesting to engage the viewer's attention and consideration, that fact would be immediately and brutally apparent.

Green cannot hide behind a beautiful technique to disguise a paucity of imagination, because he has discarded the use of that kind of technique that proclaims its own uniqueness and idiosyncrasy. Instead he has dared to let his ideas stand alone. And it's because they have merit that his work succeeds.

In the introduction to his catalogue, Green writes, in part, of his work, "It is not to be taken as an exclusively visual experience. It is to be taken as a manifestation of my *feelings* and my feelings are definitely not visual. . . they are felt." To help him express these feelings, he enters into an uneasy alliance with words, knowing their power to describe and clarify, yet fearful of their ability to freeze into a solidity of understanding what he wants to remain fluid and ambiguous.

> *I am fascinated with words and the images they evoke. . . . Much of my work begins with a set of words persisting in my head to where specific images and feelings evolve, becoming fixed associations wanting [waiting] to be materialized.*

Many of the words end as titles for the pieces; others work in an interim way, functioning as summations and identifications of vague visual constructs, and then in turn suggesting other visual arrangements as the implications of their particular meanings are explored.

This kind of visual-verbal hand-off, like the operation of a relay race, gives his work an unusual depth and multiplicity of meaning. As we contemplate the various parts of each of his works, seeing them first purely as visual forms helping to make a whole, and then as separate objects each with a name and its own contextual net of associations, we begin to understand how well Green has assembled these strange groupings of seemingly unrelated things.

He has combined the visual and the verbal in an attempt to communicate the basically inexpressible workings of his mind. The communication, of course, is never complete. But he has done enough to start *us* thinking, and that is, perhaps, the most that an artist can hope to do.

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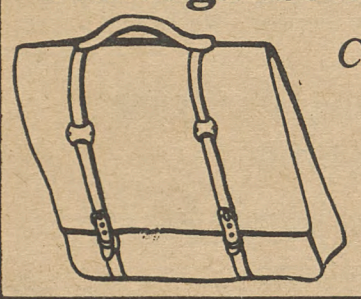

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MOTT
Mott the Hoople — (Columbia)

Mott bounced off a poor album, *All the Young Dutes*, with this very good one, Ian Hunter's lyrics are the best he's written, the performance is tight, and the songs themselves are the best the Hoople has come up with since their debut album, now four years old. Their association with David Bowie is now over (phew!) and once again they are their own band. Three songs shine especially: the crunching, hard rock of "Drivin' Sister;" the pop-y "Honaloochie Boogie," the closest they'll ever get to the Beach Boys; and "All the Way from Memphis," the best of several life-of-a-rock-band songs. There are no covers of other people's songs, which they did quite a bit in the past, and their old, heavy, keyboard sound changed with the departure of Verden Allen. Ian Hunter does get in some nice piano licks, though. It's nice to see Mott the Hoople making a name for themselves. The day can't be far off when they will be a Top 10 band.

ABOUT US
Stories — (Kama Sutra)

At least four songs on this album could have been hit singles, but none of them were. Ironically, after the album was released and Stories underwent a personnel change, the new line-up released a highly produced funker, "Brother Louie," which astonishingly went to #1. "Brother Louie," later taked on to *About Us*, is pretty good, and you're probably sick of hearing it by now; but it's inferior to nearly every song on the album. The guiding force behind the pre-"Louie" tunes was Michael Brown, former leader of the Left Banke. Michael produced the album in the tradition of the best mid-60's pop records and succeeded as well as anyone in capturing the *Beatles '65* spirit. The classical element of the Left Banke days is felt in "What Comes After," "Words," and fused with hard rock on "Darling." "Love Is in Motion" was the prettiest non-hit single of the year. Brown's departure didn't strengthen Stories, and I'd doubt if the new group could come up with an album as well-rounded as *About Us*. Then again, there's no harm in trying.

COUNTRY CASANOVA
Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen — (Paramount)

There are a few things going against *Country Casanova*; like the conclusion of a long-time Cody freak such as myself that this is the weakest of their three albums; like the lack of enough good rocking material; like the playing time being a paltry 27 minutes. But. . . the Cody gang at sub-par is still better than most, good for a raving mixture of old rock 'n' roll, western swing, boogie woogie, straight country, and rockabilly. Lead singer Billy C. Farlow has his pipes smoking, and pedal steel player Bobby Black is in peak form. The notorious Cody humor is displayed on "Smoke, Smoke, Smoke (That Cigarette)," and "Everybody's Doin' It," a song that you're not likely to hear on the radio. As to why they didn't include a couple of more tunes to fatten it up, or why they've never gotten around to recording something like the moldie-oldie "Stranged in the Jungle," the answer may be anywhere from the ketchup bottle in a roadside diner to the back seats of Cody's tour bus. In any case, there's no sense looking. Get their first two albums before this.

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF AT LEAST ONCE A DAY
Man — (United Artists)

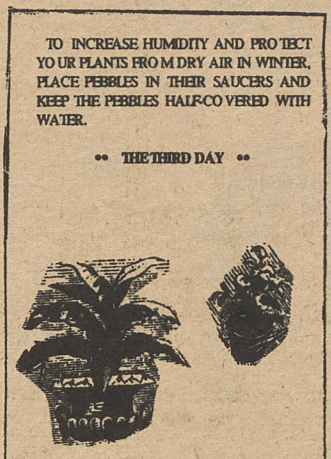
What would you say if I told you that this was my favorite album of 1973? Well, it's true, and some days Man is my favorite band, and some days they're only my second favorite. They never go lower than that. Man is a Welsh band, and there is and has been a rock scene in Wales every bit as productive as that which happened in San Francisco *circa* 1966-68. Man has released eight albums since 1969, although at the moment, *Be Good to Yourself. . .* is the only one available here. Their music is the kind the Grateful Dead and Quicksilver used to make in the good old days. Man gets rid of the extraneous trappings, though, and fills in the holes with funk. Guitarist Micky Jones cuts through, winds around, and breezes along with the sound made by the others, which include another guitarist (Clive John, now departed and replaced by fellow-Welshman, ex-Wild Turkey 'Tweke' Lewis) and heavenly keyboard player Phil Ryan, who matter-of-factly creates new sounds for his instrument. In England, Man is now gaining mythical status, though at the same time they are a classic people's band; constantly gigging, with three-hour sets the norm, Their new, double album, *Back into the Future*, is too good to be true, and will be released here soon. Also, they are scheduled to tour America in February. You'll believe it when you see it.

BEWARE THE SHADOW
Help Yourself — (United Artists)

Here is a case of an excellent band that somehow couldn't get sufficiently popular, despite playing music which is seemingly easily accessibly. Help Yourself was a brother band to Man and Brinsley Schwarz; their sound having the same warm, good-time feeling of the Brinsleys as well as the intensity and drive of Man. I say *was* because the Helps recently split up, and it's a real shame. *Beware the Shadow* is the best of their four LP's — their last, *The Return of Ken Whaley* was released in England just prior to the group's end, and will not be released in the states. Malcolm Morley is a fine songwriter, as evidenced by "Alabama Lady," a grinding rocker opening the album; "American Mother," eight minutes long and not a second wasted; and the 12-minute Man/Grateful Dead-styled instrumental "Reaffirmation." Strangely, their career paralled that of a muscially similar group they were often compared to, Buffalo Springfield. The Helps made some wonderful music in their three-year life span; it's not as if they were just passing through.

CANNONS IN THE RAIN
John Stewart — (RCA)

One similarity that 1973 had to 1972 was that John Stewart released a musically impeccable, commercially flopping album. In '72 it was the exquisite *Sunstorm*, an album that you should still endeavor to get. *Cannons in the Rain* is a lyrically varied, musically laid back record, all sung in John's deep, reassuring voice. He's America's strongest, most positive singer/songwriter; possessing a manner more believable and easier to identify with than two more popular peers, Kris Kristofferson and John Denver. His status of semi-obscurity may be some sort of conspiracy, on whose part I don't know, or it may be part of a very long, built up tension which will break him into the big-time one day soon. John Stewart is a talent worth discovering, and *Cannons in the Rain* would be an excellent present for a good friend.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FIRST WATER
Sharks — (MCA)

Shark's debut is one of the sleeper albums of 1973. It's one of those albums that are well received by the few people who get a hold of it; which usually means that their future records will be well received by a larger group of people, until they ultimately get a significant following. Sharks play thumping, bashing, hard rock music that is loud without coming near the heavy metal area. On this album, the band had bassist Andy Fraser (formerly of Free), guitarist Chris Spedding (session musician extraordinaire, Jack Bruce solo LP guitarist, leader of avant-garde rock group Battered Ornaments), drummer Marty Simon (formerly of Mylon), and vocalist Snips, a raunchy, raspy singer in the Rod Stewart-Joe Cocker tradition. Fraser has now left the group, which, given his large contribution to *First Water*, should alter the sound next time around. Let's hope Sharks can carry on.

LIFEBOAT
Sutherland Brothers & Quiver
(Island)

The Sutherland Brothers and Quiver were one of the suprise success stories of 1973. Not that they didn't deserve it; but their light, rock-country-harmony style is played by many and appreciated by few. It was only a few months back that the boys were laboring in obscurity. As separate entities, the Sutherlands, with one LP on Island, and Quiver, with two Warner Brothers albums, were barely ekeing out a living and were unknown in America. They weren't household names in native England, either. When the singing, songwriting Sutherlands joined up with the tight, rock 'n' rolling Quiver, the resulting sound took the best of both worlds and what we get is happy, bouncing, well-played songs. "You Got Me Anyway" was a semi-hit 45, and together with their recent tour of America with Elton John, is the reason for whatever success they have gained. The next album for this band will tell the story.

COMIN' RIGHT AT YA
Asleep at the Wheel — (UA)

This album undeservedly went nowhere. It may have been the old story of "too country for the freaks, too freaky for country," but whatever the reason I hope the situation is cleared up for their next album. The Wheel plays no rock 'n' roll, but they do play the spiffiest western swing for miles, and do pretty well by the straight C&W numbers as well. If you remember Asleep at the Wheel from their brief days in 1970-71 as a Washington area band, you probably don't need to be told to get *Comin' Right at Ya*. For the others — who make up 99.8% of the population — don't let the deliberately cheap cover scare you off; Asleep at the Wheel has one of the best country LP's of the year.

GREENSLADE
(Warner Brothers)

For a few years, Britain sported a relatively popular horn-rock band called Colosseum. They made some records, none of which appealed to me. Upon breaking up, keyboard player Dave Greenslade and bassist Tony Reeves formed their own group, and without fanfare they came up with one of the most satisfying albums of the year. Musically reminiscent of Yes, Greenslade lives and dies by the inventive organ playing of their namelender. There is no guitar in the group, though Reeves is given more prominence in the sound than most bass players. Dave Lawson's vocals are a bit too strained for comfort, and the lyrics are forgettable. But once you hear songs like "An English Western," "Temple Song," and "Sundance," you'll realize that Greenslade is a group to keep your eyes and ears on.

FRAMPTON'S CAMEL
(A&M)

I liked Humble Pie a lot better when Peter Frampton was co-lead guitarist. Peter's first post-Pie solo album, *Wind of Change*, was one of the more underrated works of 1972. The first album of his new band, Frampton's Camel, also didn't receive much more than critical notice. Though perhaps not as strong lyrically, the new album is more varied, with more tasteful, hard rock. And then there is Peter's voice. One of the best in rock, undoubtedly, and one that can overcome the deficiencies of even the most questionable lyrics. It's my guess that the next album will move into ev en more forceful rock, but even if it does, the quiet, jazz-like, peaceful quality will still be there. When he was with the Pie, and on these two albums, the important thing in Frampton's music is balance and reason. *Frampton's Camel* is rock most pleasant.

NO MORE, NO LESS
Blue Ash — (Mercury)

Let's pretend, for a moment, that it's 1966. No, there's not a whole lot of sense in wanting to do that, but remember how great the Beatles and Byrds were during that period? Remember the energy rush that accompanied their songs on the radio? Consider that, and then consider a 1973 band, (Youngstown, Ohio's Blue Ash) that combines that exact feel, adds large doses of The Who, and puts out a whole album full of that type of music. Blue Ash's songs are under three minutes long, bursting with exuberance, hard driving; in short, just the thing that AM radio (and FM, for sure) needs to give it some life. If Roger McGuinn heard this album, he'd change his name back to Jim. If John Lennon heard it he'd go back into the studio and try t make a good album. If Pete Townshend heard it, he'd ask who's stealing his guitar licks. If your hearc this album, chances are you'd go out and get it.

LYNYRD SKYNYRD
(Sounds of the South — MCA)

If you've got a rock band, and want it to be successful, here's a tip to help bring it about: see if you can get yourselves as the only act touring with The Who. Lynryd Skynryd, a band from Jacksonville, Florida, have done just that — they'll tour America with The Who, and when it's over, don't be surprised if they've captured the hearts and ears of the country. This won't be stardom unearned, though, because the band has worked a long time playing the usual, small-time circuit, plus they've got a sound which can stand up to nearly any other band around. There are four, big, Southern rock bands recording today: The Allman Brothers, Wet Willie, the Marshall Tucker Band, and Lynryd Skynryd. The debut album of the last shows that they're not going to be satisfied with anything short of what the first-mentioned band has gotten. And they probably don't deserve less.

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performance

EDWARD G., LIKE THE FILM STAR
Folger Theatre

Perry Schwartz

Of the many things that the writings of Harold Pinter and Samuel Beckett have contributed to our contemporary theatre, sparse dialogue and the pause are probably the easiest to imitate and recognize. Pinter, in particular, likes to show us what appears to be rather ordinary people functioning within the framework of his limited dialogue and frequent pause technique. He does this basically to make us ponder the situation, the circumstances, the environment and our relationship to these things. Beckett uses these devices to make us ask questions of our existence and the world we live in.

John Harvey Flint, the playwright of the Folger Theatre Group's current production, utilizes sparse dialogue and pauses to try to get us to sympathize with the pathetic characters he places on stage. He does not pose philosophical questions or ask us to see ourselves in the situation of the play. Because of the nature of the unsaid in this style of writing, it is difficult to feel sympathy for these characters. One feels that with a little effort they could have changed themselves or their situation.

Basically, the play revolves around Edward G. Morris, a long-time clerk in a business firm. He has done little with his life and is beginning to feel inadequate in everything he does. This inadequacy is telescoped into a situation he encounters while playing Father Chirstmas in a children's hospital. A child falls deathly ill in his arms and Morris is unable to do or say anything except "That's the kind of sleep Father Christmas brings." The dilemma of the script then revolves around that situation, all of which happened before the play begins.

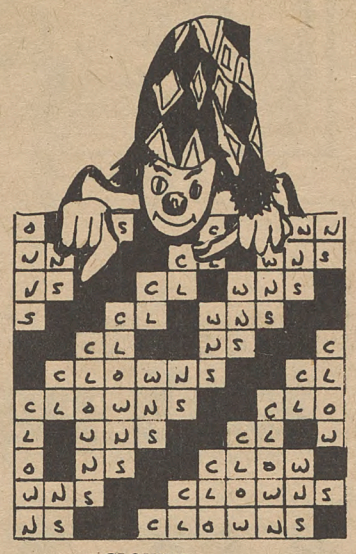
The play takes place in the Morris household, a sort of middle-class, not-so-old Victorian house. The set is rather brilliantly designed by Michael Stauffer. It reflects the cold, ordered lives of the characters. Two uninvited guests enter the Morris household. The first is Pearson, a business associate of Morris. He is younger, unwelcomed, and talks of leaving the firm. He won't. P. Williams Parker plays Pearson with a nice sense of control. Pearson is a sort of comic relief character who could easily have been played for more laughs by an actor who was not aware of the style of the rest of the production. Mr. Parker chose to give us a character who fit into the ensemble and merely made us chuckle occasionally. The second guest is the mother of the boy who took sick, Mrs. Hulme, who drops in after the child is brought to the house by Morris' nephew, Alan. Alan is a doctor at the hospital, and the norm-character of the play. He's rather successful and not liked by his family because he's "too clever." He's played rather normally by Mark Robinson — not badly, though; the role is shallow and is in the script as a contrast to the other characters.

Mrs. Hulme has never been able to reach the boy: Morris has. Therefore a certain bond is created between them. It becomes even a somewhat sensual bond at one point though they only touch hands. He has helped her face the inevitable death of her son, has communicated with someone, has changed her a bit. But in the end it seems just as pathetic as in the start.

The notion of the characters' attempting to move themselves out of the situation is amplified by the actors' and director's choices. Director John Dillon constantly sets up pleasing but static pictures for the actors to work in. They do, in fact, resemble some of the static poses in the old photographs on the wall. In turn, the actors all use limited body- and hand-movements and act primarily with their faces. Stylistically there is unity, but I question the style in both terms of the script and terms of audience reaction. I found the stilted characters difficult to believe in and impossible to sympathize with.

In spite of these shortcomings, I must admit that I found the play interesting to watch. Within the style choice, the acting was always competent and, at times, exciting. Playwright Flint also has a nice sense of dialogue and underlying conflict which helps carry the evening along. It's not a Christmas story for the kiddies, or for those who like sentimental realism, but if you like Pinter and Beckett, you may like *Edward G., Like the Film Star.*

fiction



CLOWNS

Peter Farnham

Silver-haired Mrs. Emmett, hearing the glass street doors open across the lobby, glanced from her crossword puzzle to the approaching figure. She smiled. It was that nice Mr. Kiley who visited the fifth floor every day. Returning the smile, Mr. Kiley halted politely in front of her desk. "How are you today, Mrs. Emmett?" he asked.

"Just fine, thanks, and you?" He always wore such nice suits.

"Very well, thank you," he replied. "May I have my pass, please?"

Mrs. Emmett filled out a visitor's pass so he could get beyond the security guard. For some unknown reason everyone needed a visitor's pass, a rule she thought was silly. Colored delivery boys and the like needing one, she understood; she did not understand why the rule also applied to nice, respectable young men like Mr. Kiley.

"There we are." She handed him the completed pass.

"Thank you very much," he said. Mrs. Emmett watched him cross to the elevator. She shook her head in irritation when the guard stopped him to examine the pass even though the guard had watched her fill it out just one minute earlier. She guessed he did it to make himself feel important. After a moment he nodded to Mr. Kiley, who smiled, boarded the elevator and disappeared. She sighed. He was such a nice young man. Mrs. Emmett returned to her crossword.

She soon was stuck at 23-down. It was a six-letter word starting with *C* and ending with *S*. The clue was *They're fun to watch*. She puzzled over this for several minutes, then, with a start, pencilled in *CIRCUS*. Circuses were fun to watch, and the word fitted. It had to be right. She passed on to another unanswered clue, but before she found a word for this one the street doors opened again. Mrs. Emmett looked up, blinked, and stared across the lobby at a clown waddling toward her. Her pencil dropped to the desk.

The clown's face was stark white with a huge, painted smile and bulbou, red nose. A tiny organ monkey's hat perched on the clown's head, which was fringed with orange hair. Four red powder puffs filed down the yellow clown suit; the suit ballooned out at the middle, then pursed in and ended at the knees. From the knees red and white striped stockings descended into huge black tennis shoes. The clown carried a small boy who sucked his thumb while silently eyeing Mrs. Emmett. "Good afternoon," the clown said. Mrs. Emmett could now tell it was a woman.

"Good afternoon," she answered. "Is there a public restroom in the building?"

"No, I'm sorry, there isn't." Mrs. Emmett wished they would go.

"Mommy," the boy whined, "I can't wait."

"Shush, dear, it's all right." The clown sighed. "Well, then, is there a private restroom I could use? It would only be for a few minutes." She laughed. "It really is kind of an emergency. I'm in an amateur circus, organized by my church. We're setting up for a benefit performance this afternoon, across the street in Dupont Circle. Unfortunately, there aren't any restrooms there, and my little boy here has to go very badly."

Mrs. Emmett, feeling exposed, shook her head. "I'm sorry. I'm not authorized to allow anyone beyond the lobby without a visitor's pass."

"Well, may I have one of those?"

No, I'm sorry. You see, it's a restricted area beyond the lobby." Just then Mr. Kiley emerged from an elevator and walked toward Mrs. Emmett. When he noticed the clown and boy he stopped behind them and performed a double-take for Mrs. Emmett's benefit. Mrs. Emmett struggled to keep a straight face.

"Mommy, I have to go."

The woman kissed the boy's forehead. "I know dear, I know." She turned back to Mrs. Emmett. "Please, my little boy honestly. . ." but Mr. Kiley was right behind the clown now and a bit to one side so Mrs. Emmett could see. He made funny faces and pointed at the clown, pretending to roar with laughter. Mr. Kiley was so distracting that Mrs. Emmett couldn't follow what the clown said at all.

Mr. Kiley, pantomiming a big red nose, squeezed his own; he crossed his eyes and stuck out his tongue in time with his squeezes. That finally did it. Mrs. Emmett giggled and her hand shot instantly to her mouth; but Mr. Kiley immediately became serious, turned and strode toward the door.

The clown stopped explaining and looked behind her. She stared after Mr. Kiley's rapidly retreating back. She glared back to Mrs. Emmett, then stalked away, carrying the boy.

Mrs. Emmett called after them but was ignored. They left the building. Mrs. Emmett watched through the doors as the woman crossed the street into Dupont Circle. she wished Mr. Kiley hadn't done what he did.

Mrs. Emmett went back to her puzzle. After a minute she erased *CIRCUS*. The clue was plural; *circus* was not. Then she dropped her pencil and snickered abruptly. That Mr. Kiley was so funny. Such a nice young man.

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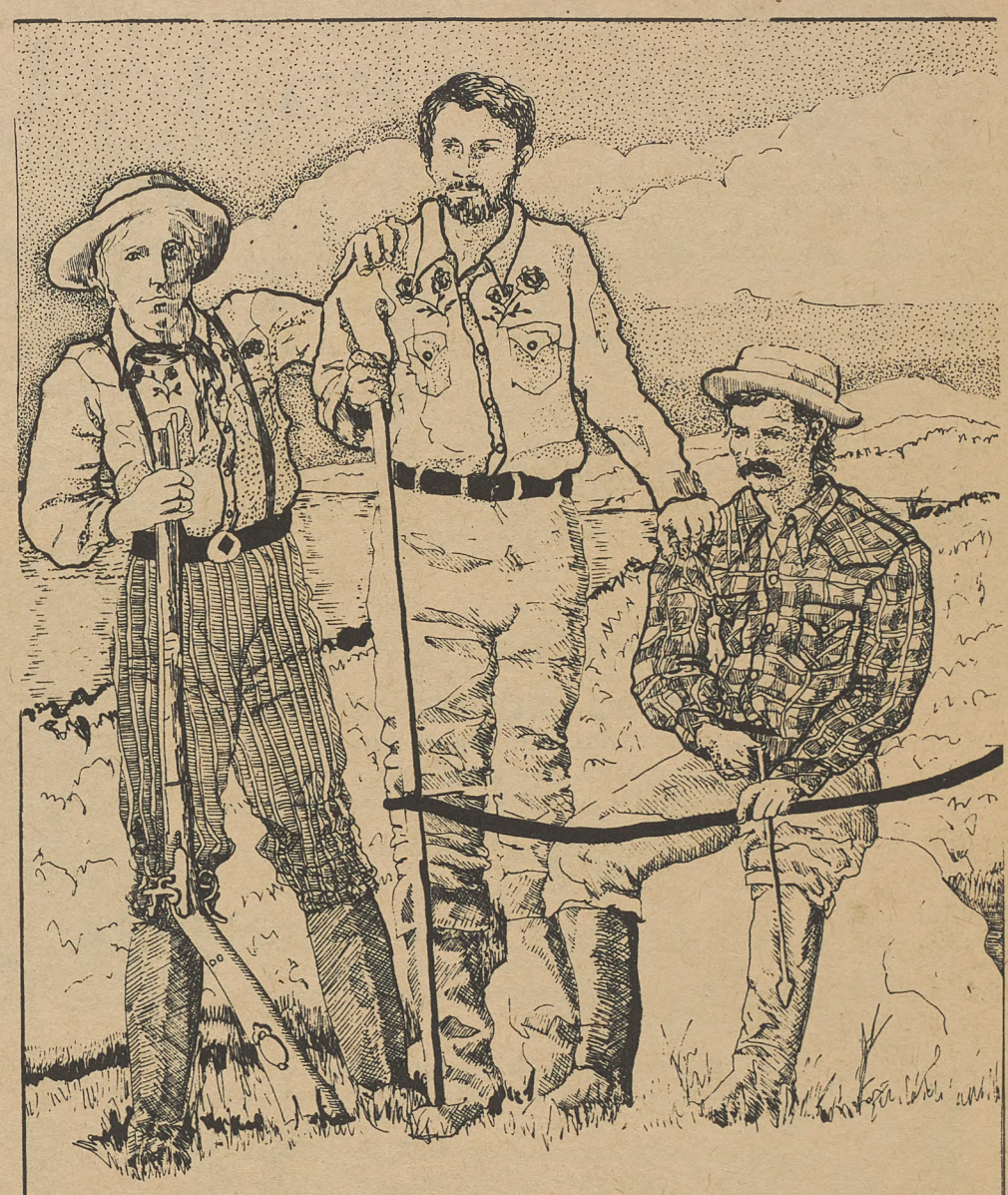

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Continued from Page 5

all flashing by with much vivacity as the sets are whirled here and there by beautiful young men dressed as toy soldiers. The play itself is not a shining gem among plays — in fact, in another theatre it might well be a heavy-handed fable with little of the fabulous about it. At the Hartke it is spirited, bright, witty — and very funny. In the lead, as the man who discovers that clothes make the man (and thus becomes for a day the captain of the title), is brash, vivid Tom Roland, who was so delightful as the overbearing father in their previous production, *The Rivals*. Through the many scenes which trace his life in and out of jail, and the simultaneous adventures of the uniform which is finally to meet him, (to enable his transformation into the captain), Mr. Roland remains our constant point of reference, mildly walking along as years fly by and sets whirl around.

Joining him and leaving him in the course of the play are various other actors and actresses, most fine and some remarkable. Remarkable if only for the number of her chins is Paula Arange, who, although she does play Frau Obermueller exactly as she played Mistress Malaprop in *The Rivals*, is nonetheless irresistible.

The husband of this formidable woman, and incidentally the mayor of Kopenick, is deftly played by George A. Wilson. The officer for whom the fateful uniform was initially made is beautifully played by Ralph Byers, with great confidence and style — he also appears in various other roles, with the appropriate addition of paint or padding. And there are many other clever characterizations — altogether, it's worth the ride.

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Stanislaw Lem, (Seabury), 188 pp., $6.95, cloth.

John Burgess

The concept of science-fiction (s-f) that is most prominent in the general, public consciousness is that which was formed through the films of the 1950's: "Beware of Science [as manifested through progress/the atom/invaders, be they from other planets or times]." This concept was not original to the '50's; warnings about technology were a principal concern of H.G. Wells in the 19th Century. What did happen in the '50's, however, was the appearance of a profusion of stories that kept pressing the same warnings on the public, time and again. To further depress the quality of the fiction, these concepts — differing, perhaps, in the type of creature mutated by radiation, the settings, and degree of luridness — were turned into ludicrous cliches. This period of disrepute was damaging to science-fiction's move toward popular and critical acceptance, but the warnings and the genre remained valid.

Warnings about the future form the major theme explored by Stanislaw Lem, but that is the only similarity that his writing has with the s-f of the '50's. Lem is the principal voice in Polish science-fiction. He, alone, has raised the level of Polish s-f to a par with the s-f of the United States, England and the Soviet Union. With a professional background in medicine, cybernetics and astronautics, he gives warnings that bear more weight than those of the monster-ridden '50's, and his Eastern European heritage gives his works a different, refreshing flavor.

Before the publication of *The Invincible* [*Niezwyciezony*] and *Memoirs Found in a Bathtub* [*Pamietnik Znaleziony w Wannie*], Lem was known in this country for a few of his short stories that had been picked up by s-f anthologies and his novel *Solaris*. That novel was later turned into a Soviet film of the same name. and because of its favorable comparison to *2001: A Space Odyssey*, is largely responsible for his current fame.

The Invincible has certain likenesses to *Solaris*. Like *Solaris*, the story is open-ended; there is no "salvation of mankind," and/or "repulsion of the alien" that were so vital to the cliched s-f adventure. As in *Solaris*, man is in a state of confrontation with an alien intelligence that seems to be superior. Like *Solaris*, *The Invincible* forces the reader to reconsider relationships from a different perspective than that with which he is familiar.

In *The Invincible*, Lem gives a warning about progress without telling us to stop progress; or that it is evil; or that progress will destroy man/god/earth. Instead, he tells us that there is always a price to pay — a price we may decide is too high. Price is the principal issue in the question of progress: it must be considered. We, then, must determine the direction of progress as a result of that consideration.

The story and setting of this novel are familiar ones. A spaceship, "The Invincible," tries to discover the fate of another ship which has stopped communicating from Regis III, a planet in the Lyre Constellation. That the lost ship has been destroyed by sentient beings on the planet is an all-but-given fact. The adventure story — though flawed by a translation that shows a lack of familiarity with science-fiction and s-f terminology — makes fascinating reading. The philosophical stratification of Lem's warnings make the reading all the richer, and permit more than mere escape. As a matter of fact, the reader is forced to think about his world and its prerogatives.

The story is about machines, thinking machines. This does not make the story one of robots overthrowing life, or taking up the reins that mankind has dropped, however. There are no robots in the traditional sense. Rather, Lem presents us with the result of a cybernetic evolution: a world populated with computers in their *N*th generation. These machines are programmed to survive and to adapt, and go about it with a methodology that is absolutely rational, but frequently baffling, to spaceman and reader alike.

Lem forces the reader to consider a situation of man confronting a process with which he is familiar — computers — but on a level which man has not yet reached. It is, as Lem calls it, "an anthropological experiment" which tries to extend man's thinking about himself and his goals. He warns that if man doesn't keep his mind flexible, does not keep that quality "which Pascal meant when he spoke of a 'thinking reed,'" man will be doomed to a perpetual experience of "future shock."

This warning about narrow-minded attitudes in considerations of progress is also the theme of *Memoirs Found in a Bathtub*. This is the record of a nameless man trapped in a structure known only as "The Building." The introductions to this journal — given as having been written some 1,200 years after the memoirs themselves — presents the same theme, but from a different level of conscious awareness.

Continued on Page 12

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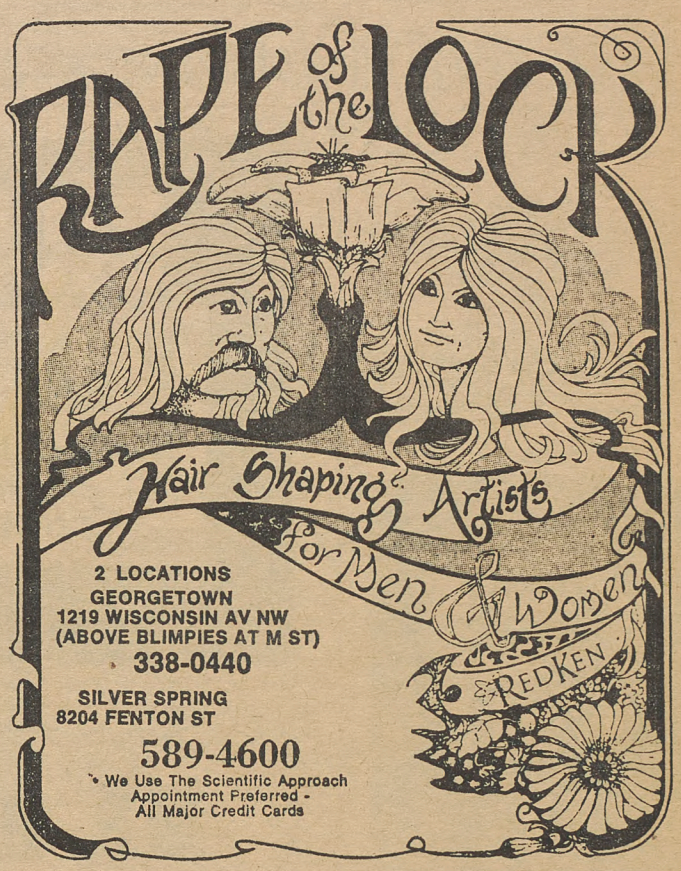

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Continued from Page 11

The introduction is written by an anonymous scholar in a "Utopian" future, a future in which scholarship is the power structure. It tells how the Earth was stricken by a mysterious plague which destroyed every piece of paper, and how this "papyralisis" brought low the glory of the 20th Century. It shows how a bureaucracy of scholars is as hemmed in as any other structure that refuses to look beyond its immediate horizons. It also tells how the memoirs were found fossilized in the "Third Pentagon" in the Rocky Mountains.

The memoirs themselves are written by a nameless participant in a rigidly-structured society, too, almost as if Kafka's "K" had found his way into the Castle. The Building is impenetrable and its logic is as well. The Building and its inhabitants are part of a military bureaucracy that sealed itself off from the plague. But, having withdrawn from their environment, they no longer know who the enemy is. It's a bureaucracy that has gone mad from sensory deprivation.

There are layers upon layers of codes and plots and programs which change their solutions, names and goals at each step the protagonist takes. The frustration and bewilderment that he experiences as he tries to track down his "orders" and his identity, as well as the meaning and identity of The Building, end only when he slashes his throat in a bathtub.

Whether or not you're particularly interested in science-fiction, Stanislaw Lem writes excellent stories. He has a grasp of the "dark" side of man (to use the term as Yates did) that seems peculiar to Irish mystics and Poles. Were it for nothing else, this would make him worth looking into. But he's more than that. He's a pessimistic optimist who does not believe in concrete answers: he insists on keeping alternatives at hand. He does make the reader think. He opens new doors to the mind and the perceptions, and works competently in any field. There's not much more that can be said about him, other than that his value far exceeds whatever you'll pay for a book by him. More of his writings are being translated, and you should definitely watch for them. Make it a New Year's resolution.

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Marc Leepson

Tim Crouse is a contributing editor to *Rolling Stone* magazine, a 1968 Harvard graduate and a damn good journalist. A ranking member of the school of New Journalism, the former Peace Corps volunteer has turned his strong insight and brilliant writing to an analysis of his fellow reporters in his new book.

With dozens of new volumes in today's bookstores concerned with last year's presidential election and Watergate related events, *The Boys on the Bus* stands out because Crouse's object during the campaign was primarily to report on the news reporters themselves. Crouse rode with Muskie's campaign during the primaries and with McGovern's during the election itself. He also spent time observing the presidential press corps at the White House and during two of Nixon's eight campaign stops. During 1972, Crouse's observations of the press at work graced the pages of *Rolling Stone*, and this book is the fruit of those early articles.

Crouse is at his best describing the men who are the most important national political correspondents of the major American newspapers, although he by no means forgets about the radio, television and wire service reporters. His profiles on Johnny Apple of *The New York Times*, Dave Broder and Haynes Johnson of *The Washington Post* and Jules Witcover of *The Los Angeles Times* provide detailed glimpses into the private and public lives of these men whose names are read every day by millions, but whose personalities and personal philosophies are known only to a few.

The chapters on the Nixon Administration's relations with the press, and especially the descriptions of Ron Ziegler's give-and-take sessions with the White House press corps, are very illuminating. Crouse does not ignore the politicians; he gives close, personal glimpses of Muskie and McGovern. But Crouse's work as an observer of newsmen is what this book is about. *The Boys on the Bus* is well worth reading for anyone interested in politics and journalism.

CHRISTMAS BOOK SUGGESTIONS

The Great American Baseball Card Flipping, Trading and Bubble Gum Book, Brendan C. Boyd and Fred C. Harris, (Sports Illustrated Books), 151 pp., $7.95, cloth.

If you know someone whose eyes glaze over and whose mouth turns to a glassy smile when the names Turk Lown, Jay Hook, Eddie Bressoud, Coot Veal, Herb Plews, Earl Torgeson, Reno Bertoia and Steve Bilko are mentioned, then you're in luck. You've found the perfect Christmas gift for that person; someone who must be between 25 and 35, and a former, avid collector of baseball cards in the middle and late '50's. Only a formerly fanatic card collector could love this book because (in addition to an interview with the president of the Topps Bubble Gum Company) this small volume contains hundreds of pictures of baseball cards of the 1950's, along with irreverent comments by the authors. This one's only for a select few, but if you know a 30-year-old lawyer who still raves about the 1955 Brooklyn Dodgers, this is the book for him. M.L.

The Potato Book, Myrna Davis, (Wm. Morrow & Co.), 94 pp., $3.95, cloth.

Nearly everyone eats potatoes and this little book is a handy idea for just about anyone on your shopping list. You can discover from this pleasingly illustrated volume nearly everything there is to know about the good old spud; from preparation for eating, to preparation for making into crafts and games, to health and beauty hints, to a corny potato glossary. With a sentimental introduction by Truman Capote and a poetical potato paean at the close, this just might be the gift for the potato lover who has everything.

I pose this question now to all;
To gourmets, pundits, Freuds and Platos. . .
In any civilized cuisines,
What would be do without potatoes?
M.L.

Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye, Kenneth P. O'Donnell & David F. Powers, with Joe McCarthy, (Pocket Books), 508 pp., $1.95, paperback.

This is a book of reflections on the life of J.F.K., by two close friends, friends who had known and worked with him for nearly 20 years. It's not a maudlin book even though it is sentimental. There are opinions and statements that run counter to books such as *Brightest and the Best*, and somehow they ring more true. The story is interesting in itself, but the analysis of the differences between a "political organization" and a "political machine" make the book worth more than its price. There's much to be considered about politics and political parties. Buy one for yourself, as well as for a gift. J.B.

Traitor to the Living, Philip Jose Farmer, (Ballantine Books), 220 pp., $1.25, paperback.

Philip Jose is up to it again! He's a very funny writer who tells stories just this side of absurd, but he's always on the other side of outrageous. Here he gives us a tale about a machine that acts as a medium — between spirits (?) and the living. All the jokes are topical and the story just clips along. The last page is somewhat of a cop-out, but since it's all for a laugh, anyway, it's not too bad. J.B.

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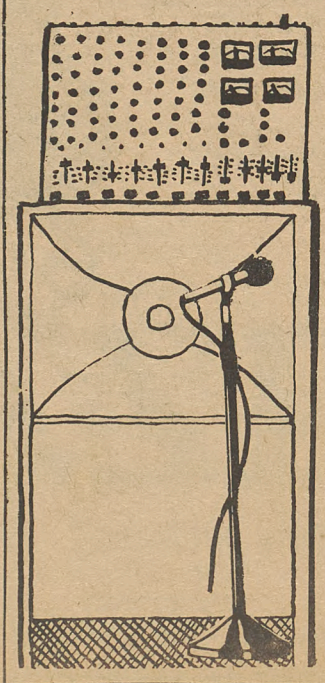

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THE FINEST FREE SHOW OF THE CENTURY IS TAKING PLACE RIGHT OVER OUR HEADS!

As the Comet Kohoutek approaches earth, it will become brighter than the planet Venus. Kohoutek, discovered last spring by Dr. Lubos Kohoutek, has been called "the Christmas Comet." NASA has said it will materialize like the Star of Bethlehem around Christmas-time.

Kohoutek will be visible to the naked eye close to sunrise until December 28th when it comes closest to the sun. After it passes behind the sun on the 28th, it is visible just after sunset, near the western horizon.

Comets have been called the Cosmic Gypsies. While other heavenly bodies move in an orderly fashion, comets seem to appear from nowhere and disappear into nowhere. Many, however, do have regular orbits.

The form of comets is known, but their essence is still somewhat of a mystery. There is a nucleus, usually under 15 miles in diameter, consisting of ices of water, ammonia and methane, and dust particles that may contain bits of all the elements. Surrounding the nucleus is a coma of gases stretching from 10 to 50 thousand miles across space. The coma itself has an even larger cloud detectable with ultraviolet sensors. As the nucleus approaches the sun, the solar "breath" blows the gases and particles away from it and they stream out forming a tail which is semi-transparent. The tail can be blue or yellow in color, straight or curved in form, or a combination, but it always points away from the sun.

Already, observatories are gearing up for intimate viewing of the comet, and organizations and groups around the country are scheduling festivities to coincide with Kohoutek's once-in-ten-thousand-years trip toward the sun. Celebrations are occurring around the country and around the world to welcome this newest member of our solar system.

Get your **KOHOUTEK COMETH** T-shirts, with the same lettering and emblem as shown above. Lettering comes in red, green, or yellow -- comet emblem is in blue. Specify size (small, medium, large or X-large), and send check or money order for $3.25 (plus 16 cents sales tax for D.C. residents) per shirt to: **Communitas, Inc, 1717 18th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009**. Or phone **667-3070.**

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CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11

BIRTHDAYS
Brenda Lee, David Gates (Bread), 3 shots killed Sam Cooke in Hollywood, 1964.

MUSIC
Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 9:30-1:30; 483-6702
John Browning - pianist - Edwin Thayer - French Hornist - JFKC; 8:30; 254-3776.
Theresa Villari Foy - violin-cellist - Annandale Campus of NVCC, CC-101 Recital Hall; 8pm; free 280-4000
Christmas Concert — Potomac English Handbell Ringers; Grand Salon, Renwick Gallery; 8pm;
Peter Yarrow; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Phil Woods; Etcetera; 7, 9, 11 pm; 466-8822

FILMS
The Love Bug; 9pm; AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS
lecture—Intro to Transcendental Meditation; Montgomery Coll., Takoma Pk. Campus, #212; Admin. Bldg.; 8pm; (301) 384-1221.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12

BIRTHDAYS
Dickie Betz (Allman Bros.), Dionne Warwick, Frank Sinatra, Mike Pinder (Moody Blues), Connie Francis, Terry Kirkman (Association), Lindsay Jackson (Lindisfarne)

MUSIC
Liz Meyer (see Dec. 11)
John Browning & Edwin Thayer (see Dec. 11)
Peter Yarrow (see Dec. 11)
Phil Woods (see Dec. 11)
Beach Boys; DAR; 8:30; **SOLD OUT**

FILMS
Magnificent Ambersons/The Lady Vanishes; Circle; 331-7480.
Harold & Maude/Start the Revolution w/o Me; Biograph; 333-2696.

EVENTS
Wed. Symposium — NSO on "Music Criticism"; Irving Lowens (**Star**), Alan Kriegsman (**Post**), Richard Freed (record critic); JFKC) 11am-noon; free
readings—Ann Darr & Rod Jellema; Textile Mus.; 667-0441

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13

MUSIC

BIRTHDAYS
Lou Adler

MUSIC
John Browning & Edwin Thayer (see Dec. 11)
Jonathat & Judy — "Midnight in Flight: A Musical Journey"; Marvin Theatre (see **In Your Own Backyard**]
Peter Yarrow (see Dec. 11)
Phil Woods (see Dec. 11)

FILMS
Magnificent Ambersons/The Lady Vanishes (see Dec. 11)
Snowman's Dilemma/Dylan Thomas's A Child's Christmas in Wales/A Christmas Fantasy; Grand Salon, Renwick Gallery; 11:30, 12:30 & 1:30; free
Peter Pan; AFI) 6:30) 833-9300

EVENTS
dance—Dance Alliance; Theatre Project; 45 W. Preston St., Balto.; 8:30; free (301) 539-3090
lecture—Intro to Transc. Medit.; Sil. Spg. IMS Ctr., 901 Bonifat Rd.; 8pm; (301) 384-1221

FRIDAY* DECEMBER 14

BIRTHDAYS
Spike Jones

MUSIC
J.S. Bach Christmas Oratorio; JFKC; 8:30; 254-3776
New York Dolls/Babe; Lisner Aud. (benefit for Switchboard); 7:30; $4.50; 333-5596
Phil Woods (see Dec. 11)
John Browning/Edwin Thayer (see Dec. 11)
Jonathan & Judy (see **In Your Own Backyard)**
Arts Beaux Trio of N.Y.; Coolidge Aud., Lib. of Cong.; 8:30; 393-4463

FILMS
Magnificent Ambersons/Lady Vanishes (see Dec. 11)
Jungle Book/Pollyanna; AFI; 833-9300

EVENTS
dance—(see Dec. 13)
Pageant of Peace, lighting of Nat'l Christmas tree 5p.m. Ellipse; open to public.
Peter and the Wolf; Arl. Dance Theatre; 8pm; Thos. Jefferson Comm. Theatre; 558-2161.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER15

BIRTHDAYS
Dave Clark, Nudie

MUSIC
Jonathan & Judy (see **In Your Own Backyard)**
Freddy Cole, "talented brother of Nat King," Apple of Eve; Loew's L'Enfant Plaza Hotel; 9-1; 484-1000 (through Dec. 22)
Peter Yarrow (see Dec. 11)
Liv. Taylor/Linda Ronstadt/Brian Bowers; JFKC; 8:30; 254-3776
Richard Pryor/The Persuassions; JFKC; midnight; 254-3776
Phil Woods (see Dec. 11)

FILMS
Magnificent Ambersons/The Lady Vanishes (see Dec. 11)
Bambi (**SOLD OUT**)/Mary Poppins/Alice in Wonderland; AFI; 833-9300.
Greatest Story Overtold (w/ Bette Midler as Virgin Mary) All-Night Ball; Janus; midnight; 292-8900

EVENTS
dance—Dance Alliance; 8 & 10pm (see Dec. 11)
Peter and the Wolf (see Dec. 14)

MONDAY, DECEMBER 17

BIRTHDAYS
Paul Rodgers (Free), Eddie Kendricks (Temptations), Arthur Fiedler

MUSIC
Liz Meyer (see Dec. 11)
Christmas w/ NSO; JFKC; 8:30; 254-3776
Madison Madrigal Singers; Folger Library; 8pm; free; 546-4800
Theatre Chamber Players; Mus. of Nat'l Hist.; 381-5395
Chris Smithers/Brian Bowers; Cellar Door; 337-3389

FILMS
Virgin Spring/Ugetsu; Circle; 331-7480
Who's That Knocking at My Door; AFI; 6:30; 833-9300
Kiss Me Deadly; AFI; 9pm; 833-9300

EVENTS
lecture—Facial Diagnosis; YES!; 8pm; 338-7874

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18

BIRTHDAYS
Keith Richards (Stones) Brian Chandler (animals), Lloyd Boskir (Seatrain), Tiny Tim marries Miss Vicki, 1969

MUSIC
Liz Meyer (see Dec. 11)
Christmas w/ NSO (see Dec. 17)
Chris Smithers/Brian Bowers (see Dec. 17)
Modern Jazz Quartet; Etcetera; 466-8822

FILMS
Le Jour Se Leve/Illicit Interlude; Circle; 331-7480
Voyage Suprise; AFI; 6:30 & 9; 833-9300

EVENTS
M.R. Gury Bawa speaks of God; Kay Spiritual Life Ctr., A.U.; 7:30; free
MIUWS poetry reading; Theatre Project, Balto. (301) 539-3090
lecture—Intro to Transc. Medit; Wheaton Library; 11701 GA. Ave.; 8pm; (301) 384-1221

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19

BIRTHDAYS
Bruce Rosenstein, Edith Piaf

MUSIC
Liz Meyer; Mr. Henry's Tenley Circle; 362-6079
Chris Smithers/Brian Bowers (Dec. 17)
Mod. Jazz Quartet (see Dec. 18)

FILMS
Owl & the Lemming/Red Balloon/A Christmas Carol/Jerusalem-City of David; M.L. King Mem. Library; noon - 1:30; free; 727-1111
Seventh Seal/Rules of the Game; Circle; 331-7480
Hard Day's Night; AFI; 6:30 & 9; 833-9300
Performance/Monterey Pop/Yellow Submarine; Biograph; 333-2696

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20

BIRTHDAYS
Little Stevie :Easybeats), Paul Stookey (PP & M)

MUSIC
Liz Meyer (see Dec. 19)
Chris Smithers/Brian Bowers (see Dec. 17)
Mod. Jazz Quartet (see Dec. 18)

FILMS
Seventh Seal/Rules of the Game (see Dec. 19)
Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum; AFI; 6:30 & 9; 833-9300
Performance/Monterey Pop/Yellow Submarine (see Dec. 19)

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21

BIRTHDAYS
Carl Wilson (Beach Boys), Frank Zappa, Andre Kostelanetz; Carla Thomas

MUSIC
Liz Meyer (see Dec. 19)
Christmas Prog. for Children; JFKC; 7pm; free
Tom T. Hall; Stardust; 843-6233
Alice Cooper; Capital Centre; 8:00; $4.50-$6.50 (301) 350-3900

FILMS
Seventh Seal/Rules of the Game (see Dec. 19)
Beat the Devil; AFI; 6:30 & 9; 833-9300

EVENTS
Arlington Youth in Ballet — Night Before Christmas; Thos. Jefferson Comm. Ctr. Aud.; $1 adults $.50 students; 8 pm; 522-9221

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22

BIRTHDAYS
Bruce Mackinnon (Cobb), Robin Gibb, Mauria Gibb, Barry Jenkins (Animals), Geoffrey Myers (Spanky & Our Gang)

MUSIC
Liz Meyer (see Dec. 19)
Chris Smither/Brian Bowers (see Dec. 17)
Tom T. Hall (see Dec. 21)
Mod. Jazz Quartet (see Dec. 18)

FILMS
Seventh Seal/Rules of the Game (see Dec. 18)
Singing in the Rain; AFI; 6:30 & 9; 833-9300

EVENTS
marionettes—Hansel & Gretel; 1:30 & 3:30; $1; Glen Echo Park; 530-5203

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23

BIRTHDAY
Jorma Kaukonen (Airplane), Ron Bushy (Butterfly)

MUSIC
Liz Meyer (see Dec. 19)
Musical Sing-In — bring your own score, or purchase one at the door for Messiah — JFKC; 8:30; free; 254-3776

FILMS
J.T./Great Toy Robbery/Jerusalem: City of David; M.L. King Mem. Lib.; 1:30 - 3:30; free
L'Aventura/Orpheus; Circle; 331-7480
The Collector; AFI; 6:30 & 9; 833-9300

EVENTS
Hansel & Gretel (see Dec. 22)

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25

**** MERRY CHRISTMAS ****

BIRTHDAYS
Mark Cuff (Cobb) Cab Calloway, Tony Martin, Merry Clayton, Kristin D'Amore Rose Schreibman

MUSIC
Charles Tompkins - organ - "La Nativite" on Great Filene Mem. Organ; JFKC; 8:30; free; 254-3776

FILMS
Naked Night/Knife in the Water; Circle; 331-7480
Crimson Pirate; AFI; 6:30) 833-9300
On Approval; AFI; 9; 833-9300

EVENTS
American Ballet Theatre; JFKC; 254-3770

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26

BIRTHDAYS
Phil Spector, Jonah Jones

MUSIC
Liz Meyer (see Dec. 19)

FILMS
Trick or Treat/Hound that Thought He Was a Raccoon/William: From Georgia to Harlem/Rain-Shower; M.L. King Mem. Lib.; free- 727-1111
Pygmalion/Smiles of a Summer Night; Circle; 331-7480
How I Won the War; AFI; 6:30 & 9; 833-9300

EVENTS
Children's Story-telling & Jam Sessions (see **In Your Own Backyard)**
American Ballet Theatre (see Dec. 25)

THURSDAY* DECEMBER 27

BIRTHDAYS
Leslie Maguire (Gerry & Pacemakers)

MUSIC
Madison Choir & Madrigal Singers; JFKC; 8:30 free; 254-3776

FILMS
Pygmalion (see Dec. 25)
Deep End; AFI; 6:30 & 9; 833-9300

EVENTS
Story-telling (see Dec. 26)
American Ballet Theatre (see Dec. 25)

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28

BIRTHDAYS
Dorsey Burnett, Dwight Bement (Union Gap) Alex Chilton (Boxtops), Sajid Khan

MUSIC
Liz Meyer (Mr. Henry's, Tenely Circle; 362-6079

FILMS
Pygmalion (see Dec. 26)
Payday; AFI; 6:30 & 9; 833-9300

EVENTS
Story-telling (see Dec. 26)
American Ballet Theatre (see Dec. 25)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29

BIRTHDAYS
Ray Thomas (Moody Blues)

MUSIC
Liz Meyer (see Dec. 28)

FILMS
Pygmalion (see Dec. 26)
Movie Crazy; AFI; 6:30; 833-9300
Shop Around the Corner; AFI; 9pm; 833-9300

EVENTS
American Ballet Theatre (see Dec. 25)

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30

BIRTHDAYS
Davy Jones, Mike Nesmith, Skeeter Davis, Del Shannon, John Hartford

MUSIC
Liz Meyer (see Dec. 19)
D.C. Youth Orch.; JFKC; 8:30; free; 254-3776

FILMS
Caesar & Cleopatra/Odd Man Out; Circle; 331-7480
Member of the Wedding; AFI; 6:30; 833-9300
Le Feu Follet; AFI; 9pm; 833-9300

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31

BIRTHDAYS
Burton Cummings (Guess Who), Peter Quaile (Kinks) John Denver

MUSIC
Liz Meyer (see Dec. 19)

FILMS
Caesar & Cleopatra/Odd Man Out (see Dec. 30)
Adrift; AFI) 6:30 & 9; 833-9300

EVENTS
Story-telling (see Dec. 26)

HAPPY NEW YEAR ° HAPPY NEW YEAR ° HAPPY NEW YEAR ° $$

TO JANUARY 15 — IN BRIEF . . .

Jan. 1 — Oliver Twist/Odd Man Out; Circle
Man in White Suit/Cleopatra
Jan. 2 — Medium Cool; AFI
Silence/Magician; Circle
Jan. 3 — Arthur Fiedler Pop's Concert; JFKC
It's a Wonderful Life/Letter from Unknown woman; AFI
Jan. 4-6 — African Dance Group; Theatre Proj.
Jan. 5 — To Be or Not To Be; AFI
Jan. 6-7 — Lavendar Hill Mob/Rm Service; Circle
Jan. 8 — Evergreen/Queen of Spades; Circle
Jan. 9-12 — Richard III/ Top Hat; Circle
Jan. 11 — Dr. Strangelove; AFI
Jan. 12 — A Place in the Sun; AFI
Jan. 13-14; Through a Glass Darkly; Circle
Jan. 14 — Lawrence of Arabia; AFI
Jan. 15 — Bob Dylan/The Band; Capital Ctr.; (301) 350-3900

Bob Gruen

Pizazz: the five sneering classical offensives with their producer. Left to right: Jerry Nolan, Syl Sylvain, David Johansen, Todd Rundgren, Johnny Thunder, Arthur Kane.

The New York Dolls

THEATRE

Edward G., Like the Film Star; Folger; thru Dec.
Christmas Carol; Cerberus; Sat. & Sun. at 1 pm, thru Dec. 30
Something's Afoot; American Theatre in L'Enfant Plaza; Thru Dec. 16- 488-3303
Disney on Parade; Capital Ctr; Dec. 11-16
Day After the Fair; Eisenhower; Dec. 25-Jan 20
Patchwork; Smithsonian Puppet Theatre; 381-5395
Three Men on a Horse; Arena Stage; Starts Dec. 21
Tom; Kreeger Theater at Arena; Starts Dec. 19
River Niger; National Theatre
El Capitan; Ford's Theatre
Lemmings; National Theatre; Dec. 18 - Jan. 6
Captain of Kopenick; Hartke Theatre-Catholic U.
He & She; Wash. Area Feminist Theatre; Back Alley.